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ANNE BOWMAN



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THE GREEN ROOM.

CHARADE DRAMAS

FOR

THE DRAWING-ROOM

BY ANNE BOWMAN

AUTHOR OF "BOY VOYAGERS," "YOUNG EXILES," ETC. ETC.

"The best of this kind are but shadows, and the worst are no worse, if imagination mend them."—SHAKSPEARE.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

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Trusting that the young friends who patronized my graver works may find amusement in these holiday recreations, I commit to their indulgence the first volume of CHARADE DRAMAS.

A. B.



MEND-I-CANT.

DAVID L. L.

CHARADE DRAMAS.

CHARADE I.

Characters.

SIR EDWARD SEYMOUR.	LADY SEYMOUR.
COLONEL SEYMOUR.	MARIA, her Maid.
BROWN, the Butler.	

SCENE 1.

LADY SEYMOUR'S *dressing-room.* *Flowers and green-house plants ranged about.* MARIA *seated on a low stool, repairing a torn lace veil.*

Maria.—Well, people may talk as they will about “Uncle Tom,” and the poor slaves in America; but I know no slavery can be worse than that of a finished lady’s maid by profession. Slaves indeed! look at me, expected by my unconscionable lady to do everything for her; and after I have done everything, nothing satisfies my high Madam; who is never pleased with any one thing in the world, and never thinks on any one thing in the world but herself. Did ever any body see such a ragged, jagged, rent

as this? and she will expect to see the veil look as good as new before she goes out; and after all I shall be reproached if her things are not laid out, her lunch brought up, the lap-dog washed, the flowers renewed, and the carriage properly heated for her shivering ladyship. Then all day long I have to sit and work in this dreadful hot-house, and dare not open a window; just because my lady never feels warm. How can she feel warm, indeed, with such a cold heart? A pretty bargain Sir Edward made when he married her for the money she is always telling him about. But he was right served: he is as bad as she is, with his fine talk, talk, talk—all gammon! And don't I see that while they are both as smooth as oil with their grand, rich, old uncle, they wish, in their hearts, to see him in his coffin. I have half a mind to open his eyes, and show him things as they are; for I'm vexed to see him cheated: he's a real gentleman, and always has a civil word for a respectable upper servant. And here he comes while I'm in the humour.

Enter COLONEL SEYMOUR.

Col. Seymour.—Where's my niece—my pretty, gentle Emily? I wished to bid her good morning before I set out on my ride.

Maria.—My lady never rises so early as this, sir.

Col. S.—Very bad plan: people should always rise with the sun in this fine climate. Might as well be in India if we indulge in bed so long. There—there goes my glove. Sew it up, my good girl. I

would not trouble you, but I am in a hurry to be out. I will sit down and watch your pretty nimble fingers move. But, whew! (*whistles*) how can you live in this atmosphere? Well seasoned as I am, I can't stand this heat; I must open the window, my little woman [*Opens a window.*]

Maria.—Oh, sir, how refreshing the air is! but I fear my lady will be displeased. She insists on the window being at all times shut, that the room may be kept always like a hot-house.

Col. S.—Poor thing! poor thing! quite a mistake! I must see her doctor; I must have him prescribe to her early rising and fresh air. I must hint to my worthy nephew, without alarming him, that such habits may endanger her precious health.

[*Maria sighs deeply.*]

Col. S.—Why do you sigh thus, my good creature? Have you any fears about my dear niece's health?

Maria.—Oh no, sir; my lady is in excellent health. I am sorry I sighed, sir—I was only thinking about myself; and I couldn't have had anything more unhappy to think about. I ask your pardon, sir; you are always considerate to poor servants; I wish there were more like you; and sew your glove I will, that I am determined, though my lady should discharge me on the spot for not having finished her veil, to be ready when she drives out.

Col. S.—But surely, Maria, you need have no fear of the reproofs of my gentle niece.

Maria.—I know very well what she will say, sir, if she orders a thing to be done, and it isn't done.

Col. S.—Why, that is certainly a vexation ; but you need not dread her words, child, they are so few—so soft and sweet.

Maria.—No doubt, she can be sweet enough when it pleases her ; and you, sir, have little chance of seeing her as I see her, as my fellow-servants see her, and as poor folks see her, when they get a chance of it, which isn't often. Lord bless you, sir, certainly servants should see all and say nothing ; but she is a hard lady to please.

Col. S.—I am sorry to hear this from you, young woman ; I could not have suspected it ; and I would gladly believe you are mistaken. If her words are unkind to those beneath her, what pain it must give to my virtuous and philanthropic nephew to hear the feelings of a fellow-creature wounded in his house ; for his every thought, word, and act, are for the good of his fellow-creatures.

Maria.—To speak the truth, sir, I think Sir Edward is the worst of the two. My lady does not mind for saying out downright that she cares for nobody but herself ; but Sir Edward talks like an angel about his feelings, and never does one good deed. He feeds and clothes the poor with fine words ; and blinds great folks with his preaching. I'm but a poor silly servant girl ; but I can see through them both, sir : I can see how they dupe you, and I made up my mind to speak and tell you ; for it is a sin to let such a kind-hearted gentleman be cheated. There's your glove, sir.

Col. S.—You have shocked me very much, girl ;

I must think over this; and I will certainly find out the fact. Thank you for your work and your words; both were meant in kindness. (*Gives her money.*) Nay, don't refuse. You have done me a favour, and I can afford to do one to you. Now, good morning, and go on with your tiresome work. (*Exit.*)

Maria.—There, now! I have gone and done it! See if I don't lose my place for my prattling! Not that I should call that any loss, if they'll only give me a character; and after all I feel as if I'd done right. Now, I must go and see what cook can send up for my fanciful lady's lunch. (*Exit.*)

SCENE 2.

The same dressing-room. MARIA at work.

Enter LADY SEYMOUR.

Lady S.—How wretched everything seems! Nothing is as it ought to be: nothing as I ordered it. My silk mantle laid out for this chilly day! And Heavens! who has taken the liberty to open my windows?

Maria.—It was I that did it, my lady. I was near fainting with the heat, and I thought——

Lady S.—I have no wish to hear your thoughts. If you chose to be faint, was that any reason why my windows should be set open to endanger my life?

You know I never suffer the air to be admitted here ; but my delicate constitution is perfectly shattered in this comfortless house. Everybody here is opposed to me—all do their own way : I am nobody—no one cares for me ! I am miserable. Who was that making so much noise, and trotting the horses beneath my windows ?

Maria.—Colonel Seymour, my lady, setting out for a ride.

Lady S.—Colonel Seymour ! I hate to hear his name. How selfish of Sir Edward to bring that old brutal, vulgar, East Indian uncle of his to my house ! He continually offends my eyes, and ears, and taste. The coarse wretch requires cheese to be brought to table ! and Sir Edward quietly tolerates it, though *he* knows well how overwhelming this disgusting introduction must be to my delicate frame ! I tremble as the dinner approaches ; and am quite sure my life must be the sacrifice if he does not leave us soon. Did you inquire, as I ordered you, of Mrs. Norris what soup she intends to send to table to-day ?

Maria.—I did, my lady ; it is to be mulligatawny. Sir Edward ordered it himself, because, as he told Mrs. Norris, it was the Colonel's favourite soup.

Lady S.—And my feelings never consulted ! Sir Edward knows—Mrs. Norris knows—that mulligatawny is poison to me ; but I am never considered. Go down immediately, Maria, and tell Mrs. Norris that I insist on it, that *my* soup, the white soup, be substituted for the mulligatawny. How can I possibly dine without soup ? And, at the same time, tell

Brown to give out some of the rich old Madeira, the same as we had yesterday. I choose to have some mulled for my lunch. (*Exit Maria, with a curtsy.*) The mulled Madeira may perhaps restore the circulation which has been quite checked by the chill occasioned by that selfish young woman opening the windows. Servants think only of themselves. What wretched creatures we are, to be compelled to depend, for every comfort, on such heartless beings!—

Enter MARIA.

Have you ordered my soup?—and when am I to have my lunch?

Maria.—Please, my lady, Mrs. Norris says she has no objections to send two soups, as you wish for the white; but Sir Edward was positive in his orders for the mulligatawny.

Lady S.—And they will enjoy it, though they see I cannot touch it. Selfish and unfeeling men! But when will my lunch be ready?

Maria.—Please, my lady, about the wine—Mr. Brown——

Lady S.—What does the girl mean? What has Brown to do with my lunch?

Maria.—Here he comes, my lady.

Enter BROWN, in a cotton jacket.

Lady S.—What is the meaning of this intrusion into my apartments, unsummoned, and in that extraordinary dress? Am I to be insulted by all my servants?

Brown.—Please, my lady, Miss Maria was so *premeditated*, insisting on having the wine directly: and I was quite out of my head, and never thought of my jacket, but came off all in a fluster, please, my lady, to say as how Sir Edward ordered me, *strict*, my lady, to keep the Madeira number thirty-seven—only one dozen of it left, my lady—to keep it all for the Colonel, who is *remarkable* fond of that Madeira; as well he may, after the four long voyages it made before it ever came into our cellars.

Lady S.—*Our cellars*, man! the cellars are mine; the contents of the cellars are mine; you are my servant; and I order you to keep the wine for *me*. I shall have some of the wine mulled every day as long as it lasts; because I like the wine, and I choose to be obeyed. Go immediately, and give out the wine. (*Exit Brown.*) Come and arrange my hair again; it is quite discomposed with the agitation I have undergone this morning, from the presumption, impertinence, and selfishness of my servants.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE 3.

The dressing-room. LADY SEYMOUR reclining on a couch.

Lady S.—What unheard-of tyranny, with my fortune, not to be allowed to choose my own dinner, or my

own lunch! Sir Edward is abominably selfish. I'm glad I insisted on having the Madeira, though I do think it is rather heating and injurious to the complexion (*rising and looking at herself in a mirror*); but I should be crushed to the earth if I did not sometimes make a struggle to obtain a *small* share of attention in a house which it is supposed is mine. What does Sir Edward want? I shall be wearied with long speeches now.

Enter SIR EDWARD SEYMOUR.

Sir Edward.—My sweet Emily! what is this that Brown tells me, that my Emily wishes the bin of Madeira thirty-seven to be reserved for her? My discriminating angel must surely have perceived the pure and holy motive which induced me to set apart this fatal liquor, ever a snare of the evil one, for our worthy and respected uncle.

Lady S.—You know perfectly well, Sir Edward, that I have no respect for the vulgar, unfeeling old wretch; and I see no reason why he should have the wine I want for my own use.

Sir Edward.—But, my love, you are aware that my good uncle, with his usual wisdom, has announced his decided intention of bequeathing his vast wealth to us—in trust, of course—in trust for the unfortunate! for the poor! the widow and the orphan! A rich Pool of Bethesda! from which I will lave the precious waters to a needy world.

Lady S.—What absurdity, Sir Edward! you will invest it all in railway shares, I have no doubt;

and very probably make more widows and orphans than you will relieve.

Sir Edward.—Alas! alas! it is the misfortune of the benevolent never to be comprehended by the children of this world! It is the “crook in the lot” to which we, whose affections are devoted to our fellow-creatures, are exposed. I bow to my martyrdom. I glory in the contumely of the world.

Lady S.—But I have no desire for the glory of martyrdom: I do not wish to deny myself the necessities of life, and I do not see yet why I should give up any of my few comforts to please this exacting old uncle of yours.

Sir Edward.—This trifle might offend him, my love; and I would not willingly cast away the means of benefiting my fellow-creatures. I must have this dangerous juice of the vine for the old frail man: it is his foible to rejoice in the delusive draught of evil and sorrow. My Emily knows I wish it not for myself.

Lady S.—Certainly not; because you always drink port.

Sir Edward.—It is indeed my painful duty to do so; left to myself, the simplest diet—the fruits, the roots that the bounty of nature scatters round, the pure water from the spring—would supply all my wants; but Dr. Wiseman, as you know, my dear, says imperatively, “Do this, or die.” He commands me to eat rich food, to drink generous wine, if I desire to retain that life which is granted to me solely to do good to all that surround me.

Lady S.—You may fancy you are swallowing physic when you take your turtle and your port, Sir Edward; but you seem to enjoy it more than any one else at the table.

Sir Edward.—I am resigned, my love: I abhor the means, but I sacrifice my inclination to the duty of preserving my life. To the world it seems that I eat and drink and live like a *bon vivant*, but they know me not; my heart is far from the festive board, in the lowly hut of privation and sorrow.

Lady S.—I pray, Sir Edward, cease your eternal preaching. In all your sympathy for the unhappy, I am quite sure I am never considered; and your plausible words will not deceive me now. I know that you did once dupe me; now you want to dupe your uncle; you fancy you can dupe the whole world; but one thing is sure, you know what you are about—you do not dupe yourself. Now I shall go down to lunch, and you can have bread and water if you desire it. (*Exit.*)

Sir Edward (holding up his hands).—Unfortunate woman! (*Exit.*)

SCENE THE LAST.

The dressing room. MARIA arranging the wig of COL. SEYMOUR, disguised as an old Beggar.

Maria.—That will do excellently; now step into

this closet till I can introduce you, and you will probably hear your own character.

[COL. SEYMOUR enters the closet; MARIA sits down to her work.]

Enter SIR EDWARD and LADY SEYMOUR.

Lady S.—How painful to me is this miserable life! I cannot comprehend, Sir Edward, how you can be so barbarous as to compel me to tolerate the provoking eccentricities of that ill-bred, unfeeling, hideous old man. When will the wretch go away?

Sir Edward.—I venture to hope, my love, that he may never leave us. I have carefully studied his constitution; I have remarked in him a fulness of habit, a redness in the face, a short neck—all sad, sad symptoms. In short, my love, I caution you not to be alarmed if he should be suddenly carried off by apoplexy.

Lady S.—I should not be the least alarmed or troubled to hear that he was dead, but I cannot allow him to die in my house; it would be a most unpleasant circumstance for me. I never could bear to be in the house with death.

Sir Edward.—Emily, how can you be blind to the fact that his death while staying with us would be of immense advantage to us? Good Heavens! if he were to leave us, he might be induced to alter his will. He has left all to us—a beautiful arrangement of Providence! Already I feel in possession of his full coffers, which might then be truly inscribed, “Treasury of the Poor.”

Lady S. (impatiently).—A treasury never to be opened for the poor, I dare to say. Maria, go and bring me a shawl, to protect me from the draught when I descend that cold staircase. (*Maria goes.*) You may as well speak the truth before the servants, Sir Edward; for they must have long ago discovered that you never give to the poor or the rich.

Sir Edward.—Lady Seymour, you are mistaken—you do not comprehend my character; a thick veil conceals my charities from the million, and I am ever studious that my right hand should not know what my left hand does. My tender heart—— (*sharply*) What does that ragged old vagabond want here?

Enter MARIA, with the shawl, introducing Old Man.

Maria (putting on Lady Seymour's shawl).—Please, Sir Edward, Brown begged me to bring up the old man, who had said he must see you immediately on a case of life or death.

Sir Edward.—What can he want? Perhaps some accident has happened to the Colonel, my dear. Speak, old man, and at once declare the cause of this intrusion.

Old Man.—Your own words, humane and exalted man. I was waiting in the hall at the meeting of the magistrates yesterday, and shed tears to hear you declare before that crowded assembly that all your wealth belonged to the poor. I am the poorest of the poor: for I have been rich, and I feel the more keenly the cold and deadly pressure of poverty and famine.

Sir Edward.—Do you belong to our parish? I know nothing of you.

Old Man.—I am a stranger. When sudden and total ruin fell upon me, I set out, accompanied by an aged wife and a sick and helpless daughter, with the hope of reaching the home of my early days, where some might still be living who would remember and befriend me. When we arrived at your village, our strength and our scanty means were alike exhausted. We took shelter in the humblest hut we could find, hoping to be able to earn by our labour, the small pittance necessary to support life.

Sir Edward.—It is very negligent of the parish officers to allow such old people to settle in the village. Well, old man, I suppose somebody would give you work.

Old Man.—Alas, sir, my wife and child are prostrated by an attack of fever. I cannot even pay for a shelter for their dying bed. Encouraged by your noble sentiments, I come to ask of you, from your abundance, the single piece of gold that may save the lives of those dear to me, or at all events render their death-bed less miserable.

Lady S.—Send him away, Sir Edward: he may have brought infection! Good God! I may take this fever. I shall faint if he remains in my dressing-room.

Sir Edward.—Go away, good man; I am myself very, very poor; the demands of charity have completely drained my purse. My ardent desire to bless the needy with a share of my humble means, must

be reined now by prudence. I subscribe largely to all benevolent societies, those blessed fountains for the support of the respectable poor; what more can charity require from me? Depart in peace; the union-house is already crowded: leave this poor and heavily rated parish. Proceed forward to the town of Westland, where there are many men of larger means, though perhaps with less feeling hearts than I possess. There, old man, you will be received into a spacious and commodious union-house; go, without delay.

Lady S.—Why do you waste your words on such a wretch? Send him to prison, if he will not leave the village.

Old Man.—My wife and child cannot travel: I will not be separated from them. Give me but a trifle: they surely ought not to perish for want while any of their fellow-creatures are revelling in luxury.

Sir Edward.—Strict principle forbids me to bestow money on unknown beggars. I give you my prayers. Go.

Maria.—Please, Sir Edward, I think the Colonel is riding up the avenue; he is very rich, and perhaps he may be able to do something for the poor man.

Sir Edward.—However rich he may be, he gives nothing, and has a great aversion to beggars. Go immediately, man; for if Colonel Seymour enters, I shall be reluctantly compelled to commit you as a vagrant. I must fulfil the duties of a magistrate of the land, one appointed by God to be a judge over the people. This agonizing duty to the tender heart, I now

perform, when I command you to leave this house and parish with all speed.

Old Man.—Will you not bestow a shilling on me?

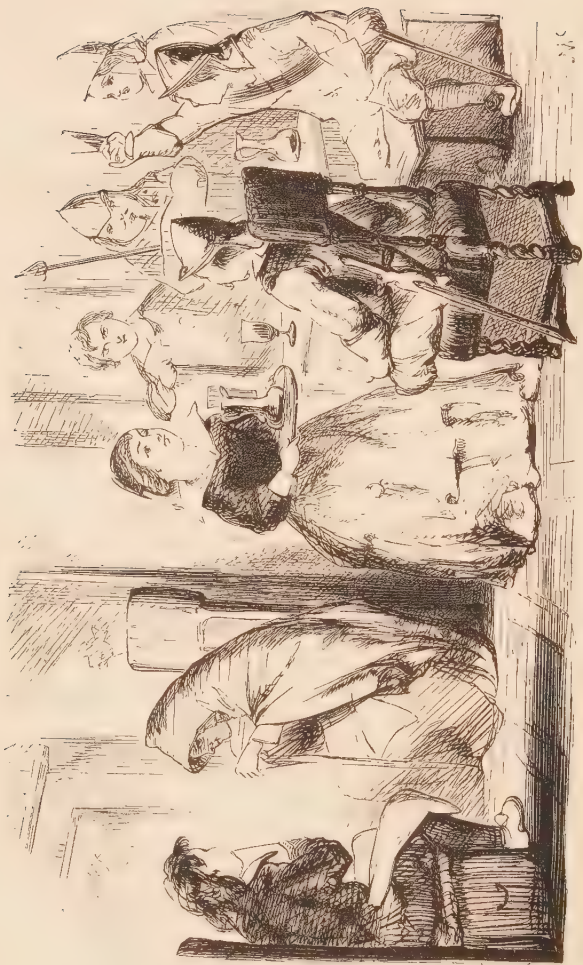
Lady S.—Carry him off, girl, before the Colonel comes up. I would not have such a miserable object seen in my apartment.

Sir Edward.—Be careful to take him out through the back yard: not a moment longer, stubborn and importunate offender; be grateful for my leniency, and go quickly, for my dogs are fierce, and my grooms are less gentle than their master.

Old Man.—That can scarcely be possible. Farewell, admirably-mated pair! And in taking the liberty of removing my night-cap in your ladyship's luxurious abode (*throwing off his disguise*) I will drop into it the P.P.C. card of Colonel Seymour. You may well be amazed; for much as I abhor deception, I have stooped to practise it, in order to discover the truth. I have other nephews and nieces, whom I shall now seek, and after rewarding this honest girl, I shall take leave of this house for ever; hoping to be more successful in my next experiment. I will search over half the world for a worthy object rather than bestow my wealth on selfishness and falsehood.

The Scene closes.





HOST-AGE.

CHARADE II.

 Characters.

COLONEL CLAYTON.

HUMPHREY ALLRIGHT.

NEHEMIAH GREATMAN.

SETH GREATMAN.

CICELY ALLRIGHT.

HANNAH ALLRIGHT

Soldiers.

 SCENE 1.

The Bar in the Fox and Goose Hostel. HUMPHREY, NEHEMIAH, and SETH seated. CICELY moving about occupied with some labour.

Enter CLAYTON without a hat, his clothes torn.

Clayton.—Good man of the house, by the love thou bearest to thy country and thy kind, bestow from your ample comforts a cup and a cake on an unlucky wight, down in the world, and deucedly hungry. By the bright eyes of my fair lady, I have tasted no food since I eat my breakfast from a noble haunch the morning of yesterday.

Humphrey.—The fate of these disastrous times, friend! I, that once enjoyed moderately the comforts of life, am now myself very sorely pressed down.

My flesh is falling away, my spirits are dull, my tongue is fettered, and my strong ale is becoming sour, since men took to angry words and bloody fights, instead of good-fellowship and sober enjoyment over the ale cup.

Clayton.—But if a man draw his sword in the right cause, friend; if he——

Humphrey.—Don't talk to Humphrey Allright about the right cause or the wrong cause. I make it a point of conscience never to inquire on which side my customers choose to fight. I shut my eyes and my ears, and no man living can say that Humphrey Allright ever turns his back on a customer, or knows whether he be Cavalier or Roundhead, as it is the fashion to call good Englishmen. All men are welcome to the Fox and Goose—that pay. And if it falls out, as God knows it oft happens, that they cannot pay, we have still a cup for the poor traveller, and no questions asked. Cicely, I charge thee to give to this poor man a cup of thin ale and a crust of last week's bread.

Clayton.—And add a slice of beef, my sweet Cicely, for charity, and by all thy hopes of seeing Roger back from the wars

Cicely.—Roger, forsooth! Take thy beef and bread, but talk not to me of men at the wars. I look for something better than a lame soldier.

Seth.—Ay, fair Mistress Cicely, I should be sorely grieved to see thee hold out thy hand to a profane ruffler like this needy vagabond. Thou art too comely a maiden to be cast away among the ungodly.

Cicely.—Nobody asked thy opinion, Seth Greatman; and I warn thee no fair maiden will hold out her hand to thee, till thou lettest thy hair grow decently over thine ears, and trimmest thy beard more jauntily.

Clayton.—Dost thou hear that, Master Seth? The fair Cicely is a damsel of good taste, and would rather be a Cavalier's lady and dance to the music of the merry viol, than the domestic drudge of a psalm-singing Roundhead, who would frown at her rosy smiles, and denounce damnation against a love-ditty. Let me place this gay knot of ribbons in thy smooth locks, pretty one—it is all I have to bestow on thee for thy beef and ale; but the times may change, and I will not forget thee, sweet damsel.

Nehemiah.—Neighbour Humphrey, dost thou harbour and encourage traitors and vagabonds? Beware, lest our pious magistrate should suspend thy license. Seest thou not, friend Humphrey, that thy light and worldly-minded daughter, disregarding the sober addresses of Seth Greatman, my sin-hating son, listens eagerly to the false and flattering words of this curled and perfumed traitor to his country and his faith.

Clayton.—Why, thou canting varlet, was it not for thy years, I would cudgel thee, and pull the ears that stand out so temptingly uncovered at the sides of thy empty head. But if thou keepest not thy insolent tongue in better subjection, I will challenge thy son Seth to a bout of wrestling, and we will see which is the better man

Nehemiah.—Hearest thou this man of evil words, friend Humphrey?

Humphrey.—I hear nothing, Nehemiah Greatman it is not for me to hear or to see. Let every tub stand on its own bottom. I defy man living to say that Humphrey Allright was ever convicted of taking a part in any dispute, argument, quarrel, or fight. I am a man of no opinions, friend Nehemiah.

Nehemiah.—Nevertheless, this man of blood *has* opinions, and such opinions that it is expedient that he should be stopped, and if need be, let him be offered up a sacrifice. Seth, my son, follow me to the camp, that the chosen instrument, the godly Captain Cantwell, may learn from us what a dangerous malignant lurks in the neighbourhood.

Seth.—Ay, father, I will visit with thee the tents of the Israelites who wage war against the idolatrous men of Moab. Cicely, this wanton play-actor shall no longer beguile thee with his words of evil. He is delivered into our hands, and we accept the gift.

Exeunt NEHEMIAH and SETH.

Humphrey.—Now behold, stranger, what a kettle of fish thou hast cooked in my quiet hostel with thy mountebank tricks and vaunting speeches. Take my counsel, soldier, and ever rein thy tongue when thou knowest not the listeners. I would fain urge thee to depart; but ere long, the swarm of the hornets will be roused by the zealous Nehemiah, and thy flight will be intercepted.

Clayton.—Nay, good Humphrey, the enemy are surely not so near us.

Humphrey.—I know no enemy ; I speak of a reconnoitring party, commanded by a certain Round—*Hem!*—Parliamentarian captain, now encamped about a mile from this hostel, which has ever, I thank God and my own prudence, been neutral ground, until our unlucky charity towards thee.

Cicely.—God will never let us suffer for our charity, father ; and it is our bounden duty to save this gentleman.

Humphrey.—Gentlemen ! girl ; let not thy tongue run so glibly about gentlemen ; such words become thee not. And take that flaunting knot from thy head, lest it be thought that we favour the cavaliers ; moreover, such vanities might offend Seth Greatman, who is a youth well to do, and suited to be my son-in-law.

Cicely.—Thou shalt be obeyed, father ; but of a surety, I will never lend an ear to the words of Seth if this stranger in distress be not saved.

Humphrey.—I cannot help the man ; by aiding him I might place myself in danger, which God forbid !

Cicely.—Leave it all to me, father ; I would not have thy safety jeopardized. Let us all withdraw to grandmother in the kitchen, where I will show to ye both my skill in devices.

SCENE 2.

Kitchen of the "Fox and Goose." CLAYTON, HUMPHREY,
CICELY. HANNAH seated near the fire in a deep arm chair.

Cicely.—I will take grandmother for a few hours to good Martha Hall, who will tend her with all care. And mark well, father, thou must lead the stranger to thy chamber, and disguise him in the raiment of grandmother, which I have spread out for that purpose. Then must he seat himself in her chair to pass for her. The soldiers know that old Hannah All-right is stone deaf, and will not be at the trouble to put questions. Thou seest, soldier, what thy part is, and I doubt not will delude thy foes; thou hast the very look of a play-actor.

Clayton.—Thanks, fair and generous damsel; but shall I not need the aid of thy pretty hands to array me in such unwonted garments; perchance, I may don my garb in some unseemly fashion.

Cicely.—Then, after such unseemly fashion thou must wear thy garb; for thou wilt receive no aid from me. Behold thy model before thee: I'll engage thou canst carry it out. Come, grandmother, we will go to see worthy Martha Hall. (*Puts her on a cloak and hood.*)

Hannah.—To church, Cicely. God forgive me, I had nigh forgotten the Sabbath. Where's Seth, to keep thee company? I like none of yonder scowl-

ing vagabond. Give him a crust, and bid him begone, Cicely.

Cicely.—He's a stranger in need, grandmother.

Hannah.—What! the bold-faced rascal that stole thy eggs at Easter. He'll cut thy father's throat, girl, or perchance make off with my big china punch-bowl.

Cicely.—Come along, grandmother.

[*Draws her away with great difficulty. Exeunt CICELY and HANNAH.*]

Humphrey.—Thou hast heard what Cicely All-right has said to thee, soldier. I like not the business; and verily I will know nothing of it. There lies the chamber she named to thee.

Clayton (aside). An infernal, old, selfish knave! (*Exit.*)

Humphrey.—Verily, I am disturbed in mind; that heedless damsel might entangle me in the snares of danger, but for my fair reputation. Woman, woman! young or old, all alike! vain, empty-headed, prone to evil, and looking not at the future. Yet Cicely is my child, a good child, though somewhat wasteful of the cakes and ale. Moreover, she helpeth me greatly with her ready hands now, and will tend me carefully when I am aged. I will not chide her for this deed; and verily I incline to do an act of charity, unknown to the world, to these roystering Cavaliers. The times are strange, and none can say what card may turn up trumps. And the card must be turned, and then, whatever suit

that card may be of, that is Humphrey Allright's suit. Truly, this man deceives me; this is my mother, I affirm.

Enter CLAYTON, disguised, with a short stick.

Clayton.—Now, magnanimous Master Humphrey, shall I pass muster. I have ever been reckoned no mean masquerader.

Humphrey.—I should truly judge as much, young braggart. It seemeth to me that masquerading is thy proper calling. But I warn thee, there is yet danger.

Clayton.—Why, surely, old fellow, thou doth not mean to denounce me?

Humphrey.—Denounce thee? How should I? I know only that the stranger departed; and that my mother sitteth as usual by the fire.

Enter CICELY. She dances laughing round the chair.

Cicely.—Now, granny, remember thou art very deaf, and very cross in speech; but speak little, and let me pull thy hood over thy scented love-locks.

Clayton (in a tremulous voice).—My dutiful child, let me embrace thee.

[*CICELY boxes his ears. A loud knocking. HUMPHREY trembles and runs about; then lights his pipe and sits down by the fire.*]

Clayton.—And I have left my garments scattered about the robing chamber!

Cicely.—Wiser heads than thine have been at work. I have hidden thy trappings under my best hood and cardinal; and Seth himself, with all his

suspicious, will not think to search for thee in a band-box.

Enter NEHEMIAH, SETH, Sergeant, and two Soldiers.

Nehemiah.—Friend Humphrey, behold these godly soldiers, who come to remove from thy well-ordered hostel the malapert coxcomb and spy who hath intruded on thee; but I fear me he hath eluded justice.

Humphrey.—Verily, Nehemiah, I discharged him from my premises with powerful words, and found him no longer here when I returned from an errand to my cellar. Doubtless he absconded in fear of these valiant men.

Nehemiah (to the soldiers).—Depart speedily, in various directions, good men. Surely the malignant may yet be delivered into the hands of the righteous.

Sergeant.—My orders are written, Master Nehemiah: our first command is to search the house; and verily we will search it. Peradventure this comely damsel could aid us with some evidence against the Moabite.

Cicely.—Not I. The man came to eat and drink, and then ran away. I saw no harm in him, save that he was ugly, and poor, and hungry. Let wise Master Seth tell what raised his choler against a vagrant without a penny in his pouch; ye spend your time idly, soldiers, to search after such scare-crows.

Sergeant.—Nevertheless our orders are to search, and our duty is obedience. Old woman, didst thou mark whither this malignant wended?

Clayton.—A bad rheumatiz ; God help me !

Seth.—Waste not thy words, sergeant, in discoursing with Granny Allright. She is an awful woman, stone deaf ; and useth betimes sinful words.

Nehemiah.—Seth and I will conduct thy followers through the chambers of the hostel, while thou retest here, sergeant. Depend on our zeal.

Sergeant.—I am not unwilling to rest. Follow the zealous Nehemiah, soldiers.

Exit NEHEMIAH, SETH, and Soldiers.

Clayton.—Cicely, my child, give the worthy captain a seat ; also a cup of strong ale. I love the red-coats ; good fellows all. How fares the king ? God bless him, and scatter the Roundhead rogues ; drink that, jolly boy ! and spare not the ale, 'tis good and wholesome.

Humphrey.—Heed her not, good man : her years are many, and she knows not the words she utters. Drink freely, and tell us what news from the great army.

Sergeant.—The army is far from us now, friend Humphrey, and verily our small party is in jeopardy, surrounded by the idolatrous sons of Moab and Ammon. It behoveth us keenly to search for the spies of the foe, lest we be scattered by the craft of the scorners.

Clayton.—Lord send it ! Humphrey, my son, I charge thee to pray that this may fall true. My lads love not the sword and the spear.

Humphrey.—She talks wilder than ever. Cicely,

give thy granny a cup of ale, and sign to her to hold her tongue, when we are engaged in entertaining noble soldiers.

(*Cicely gives Clayton the ale.*)

Clayton.—Here's thy health, roving Jack. Thy grandsire was like thee a wild rogue, and courted and cast away scores of merry damsels. God rest his soul! he sung a good song. Thou singest, too, Humphrey my son: give us a jolly stave; the strong ale cheereth me, and verily I will sing likewise (*sings in a tremulous voice*), "And we'll keep the Round-heads down, down, down!" (*she snores.*)

Sergeant.—What an awful old woman! what a heavy burthen for you, worthy Humphrey. Woman! forbear, at thy years, to sing the songs of the profane, and speak the words of the scorner.

Clayton.—Doth he ask me to dance with him, Cicely? Nay, nay, my dancing days are past. Seth wanted me to dance, too. Still, I'm very fresh yet (*sleeps*).

Humphrey.—Thou hast filled her with the strong ale, girl, and her weak head cannot stand its potency. It is well she sleepeth; for these quiet walls are unacquainted with such light words.

Enter NEHEMIAH, SETH, and Soldiers.

Nehemiah.—Friend Humphrey, thy words were veracious. The Philistine hath surely escaped our hands.

Sergeant (reading his orders).—I am next commanded to search diligently the out-houses.

Nehemiah.—Such proceeding will, I predict, be unfruitful; nevertheless, we will accompany thee.

Humphrey.—And even I, albeit my limbs are frail, will lead the search from granary to cellar. Cicely, put thy silly old granny to bed, and mind the bar.

[*Exeunt all but CLAYTON and CICELY.*

Cicely.—Now, granny, to thy chamber; doff this borrowed garb, and array thyself speedily in thy tattered finery. Then will I conduct thee through the plantation behind the house, while the soldiers search the offices in front. There thou wilt find my roan pony ready saddled; mount him and flee to the west, if thou wouldst avoid these disloyal knaves, and God be with thee. The pony is mine own, and I bestow it on thee; away!

Clayton.—Wilt thou not kiss thy poor old grandmother, Cicely?

Cicely.—Begone, Sir Cavalier. Thou art a bold coxcomb; and withal, an indifferent old woman.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE THE LAST.

CICELY seated at work.

An impatient, impudent fellow! how he has rent it! Grandmother's best gown, too! Seth would have donned the gown, and doffed it again as carefully

as if he had been arrayed in petticoats every day of his life. Seth is a discreet youth: but he did not well to bring down the soldiers on the gay and handsome Cavalier. I should have served him right to have accepted the glittering ring pressed on me by the grateful soldier; but father would have died outright to see the bauble. Well, by this time he is beyond pursuit, and Seth's jealous plots are scattered, and he has had his night's toil for nothing. Here they all come weary from their search through the village, and here comes father from his bed, now that all is safe.

Enter HUMPHREY, NEHEMIAH, SETH, and Sergeant.

Humphrey.—Is not then the knave taken, worthy and pains-taking Christians?

Sergeant.—Truly our search hath been vain, though conducted with method and keenness.

Humphrey.—Be seated, friends, and Cicely will place before ye a breakfast of beef and good ale, that you may be rested ere you depart with your ill-tidings.

Sergeant.—We have not yet fulfilled our duties, friend Humphrey: my instructions declare that I return not empty handed. The evil-minded stranger is suspected to be an important officer in the service of the man Charles Stuart; and should we fail to secure him, I am ordered to convey to the camp thy daughter, Cicely Allright, there to be detained in pledge, until we hear something of the fugitive.

Humphrey.—Cicely, my daughter! nay, worthy sergeant, I cannot want her services; moreover, we

know nothing of the flight, nothing of the retreat of the dangerous delinquent. It cannot be necessary that my daughter should be carried off.

Sergeant.—Nevertheless, such are my orders, and they must needs be obeyed.

Humphrey.—My health and my business require the aid of my daughter. The damsel is well skilled in household matters. It is she that draweth the ale, serveth it out, discourseth with the guests, and marketh the score. Moreover, she prepareth for me the warm messes my failing health demandeth, and conducteth me in safety to my chamber, when, night after night, I am affected with dizziness of the head. I am unable to spare my daughter, good sergeant; and peradventure, my worthy friend, Nehemiah Greatman, will send his son Seth in place of the damsel. Seth is a stalwart youth, and will prove more useful in the camp than my daughter.

Sergeant.—We must obey our orders, which set forth that thy daughter must accompany us; therefore hasten, damsel, to make thy preparations.

Cicely.—I like not thy proceedings, soldier. What if I say I will not go with thee?

Sergeant.—Then, damsel, we must needs use force, and carry thee captive to our tents.

Humphrey.—Nay, Cicely, resist not the law. The good man but fulfilleth his duty. Should contention arise, it might fall heavily on me—yield thee, child: this is a house of peace; go with the faithful soldier, and plead my cause before the saintly Captain Cantwell, that he may restore thee to thy helpless father.

Seth.—And verily I will also go. This mischief is of my making; but, damsel, I was wroth to hear thy light jests with that scented popinjay. My heart is sore and heavy to behold thee in captivity. Say thou wilt pardon me, Cicely.

Cicely.—Thou wert ever a simpleton, Seth; but thou hast a kind heart, and peradventure I may amend thy manners in good time. We will discourse the matter over as we follow unwillingly these——

Humphrey.—Good men, Cicely—good men, thou wouldst say.

Cicely.—Nay, father, these were not the words I was about to speak; but have it thine own way. I am ready, soldier, yet I warn thee to consider;—but who cometh now?

Enter CLAYTON in uniform, with Soldiers.

Clayton.—Ah, friend sergeant, thou hast failed to bring down thy bird; and lo, now, thy myrmidons without are my prisoners: therefore, friend, it will be well for thee to deliver up thy sword and join them. Thy sanctimonious captain and his cropped-eared crew are also on the road to the army as our prisoners, and this pretty damsel, whom the pious Captain Cantwell intended to make a prize of, is free. Hearest thou this, sergeant?

Sergeant.—Verily, I do hear, and submit, for such is the chance of war. But though we be delivered up into the hands of the Philistines, yet will we not despair.

Clayton.—By no means, worthy sergeant, for thou wilt discover that thou mightest have done worse. The Philistines keep a good table, and are a jolly set of fellows: they will soon set thy face into a broader form. Begone.

Exit Sergeant.

And now, my pretty deliverer, how shall I thank thee for all thy kindness, in saving my life at the risk of thine own liberty? Above all, how canst thou pardon my falsehood when I confess to thee that I belong to another, and that all my pretty protestations to thee must be forgotten.

Cicely.—Didst thou really think, noble cavalier, that I heeded thy fine speeches, or admired thy love-looks? Didst thou not see that Seth and I were true and betrothed lovers; and Seth is greatly more suited to my taste than thou art. And now, that thou hast safely and honestly brought back my roan, and secured thy prisoners, if thou desirest to please me, depart speedily; for though I heed not thy speeches, Seth does, poor simpleton.

Clayton.—It is well: I will pay thy father amply for his beef and ale; but I will leave it to my fair lady to requite my pretty Cicely, by the offer of a wedding gift to her who chose rather to be a captive than to betray a brother in misfortune. Farewell, Cicely.

Humphrey.—And please, most noble Cavalier, if thou shouldst have to run away again in these parts, there is Peter Sourby's hostel lying about half a

mile south, very commodious, where thou couldst have better attendance than in this poor place. I pray thee, sir, make Peter's thy place of refuge. I am fond of peace; and if I had no longer my daughter to offer up, I myself, Humphrey Allright, a man of no opinions, might perhaps be borne away as a pledge! Only think of that!!

The scene closes.

CHARADE III.

 Characters.

SIR JAMES ARUNDEL.

CAPTAIN O'BRIEN.

PATRICK O'BREALLAGAN.

LUCAS.

LADY ARUNDEL.

GERALDINE.

MARY.

Cook.

 SCENE 1.

A drawing-room. SIR JAMES, LADY ARUNDEL, GERALDINE.

Lady Arundel.—And now, my dear Geraldine, that you are restored to me, I hope you will forget speedily your Irish manners and customs.

Geraldine.—Never, mamma; remember, that the seventeen years of my life have been passed almost entirely in dear Ireland.

Sir James.—And remember too, my lady, the drop of pure Milesian blood that runs in Geraldine's veins. My mother is proud of her country, and we can scarcely expect her adopted child should have dissimilar feelings.

Lady Arundel.—But I would not have the world

believe she cherishes such feelings; Lord Dellington, whose attentions to her last night were gratifying, has I know a peculiar antipathy to Ireland.

Enter LUCAS.

Lucas.—A man, Sir James, about the footman's place; but I am afraid he is Irish.

Geraldine.—Do let him come up, papa.

Sir James.—Well, we are really in immediate need of a servant; we will see him, at all events. Show him up, Lucas.

LUCAS *ushers in* O'BRALLAGAN, *and retires.*

O'Brallagan.—God save yer honours, and it's a beautiful parlour that ye're havin' to yerselves. I'm the boy, sure, that's come to take the place, for want of a betther; and by the same token, it's a capital servant your honours will get, musha!

Sir James.—You are premature, my friend.

O'Brallagan.—Will it be well-looking yer honour is maning? arrah! and that's thruly what all the girls are saying.

Sir James.—I mean, young man, that I must hear something more of you, before I engage you.

O'Brallagan.—No offence in the world, yer honour, and if agraable to their honourable ladyships, I'll tell the histry of all the root and stock of the O'Brallagans.

Lady Arundel.—No, no, it is quite unnecessary, O'Brallagan, if that is your name.

O'Brallagan.—Is it the name that's on me, yer

ladyship? sure its Paitrick O'Brallagan; Terence he's the boy that comes next to me—and then there's Norah, our sisther, a sweet purty girl, she that died i' the famine faver. Then——

Sir James.—You must not talk so much, O'Brallagan, before the ladies. Be content to answer my questions. Where did you last live?

O'Brallagan.—It would be in the steerage, yer honour, aboard of the stamer; and a very dacent place it was to lie down in, saving yer ladyship's presence.

Sir James.—You misunderstand me: I wish to know in whose service you have lived?

O'Brallagan.—Och! sure wasn't I at any gintleman's service that wanted a nate job done.

Sir James.—I am perfectly puzzled; I believe, Geraldine, I shall need your services to question the witness.

Geraldine (laughing).—Tell me, O'Brallagan, what can you do?

O'Brallagan.—And is it yer honourable ladyship asks me that with yer own beautiful mouth? Sure, ye might ask the thing that Patrick O'Brallagan is short of knowing; and if I don't answer yer honour, I have never seen the boy that will do that thing at all, at all.

Lady Arundel.—I do hope, Sir James, you will not think of engaging this ignorant Irishman. I am positively alarmed, he appears so eccentric.

O'Brallagan.—Not a bit of that same, yer honour. It's the quietest boy of the world ye'll find me, and



that's the thruth; barring any spalpeen blackens me counthry, and thin me blood is riz, and no help for that, at all, at all.

Geraldine.—Oblige me, dear papa, by hiring O'Brallagan. He looks honest; Mary, who is a half-bred Irish girl, will teach him his duty; and in truth, papa, my heart warms to the brogue—it is home language to me.

Lady Arundel.—Geraldine, I quite shudder at your inelegant vehemence. I must entreat you to control this Irish impetuosity before the refined Lord Dellington.

Geraldine.—Oh, mamma! I hate to hear of Lord Dellington.

Sir James.—That is an improper expression, my child. Lord Dellington is a good man in the world, a man of high rank, of large estates, and above all, he admires my little wild Irish girl.

Geraldine.—But he is nearly as old as you are, papa; and I should really like to choose a husband myself.

Lady Arundel.—Sir James, I am in despair; this is indeed terrible.

Sir James.—We will discuss the matter afterwards; in the mean time, we must endeavour to extract some information of Patrick's abilities. Can you perform the duties of a house servant?

O'Brallagan.—Musha! is it the work? sure I'll do all the work of the house, beautiful! Will yer ladyship be kaping pigs, and won't I engage to make them so fat they'll bate the parson's?

Geraldine.—But we don't keep pigs, Patrick; we want a footman.

O'Brallagan.—And that's mighty lucky, my lady. Where will yer two beautiful eyes see a nater footman, if I was having but the fine coat? Would yer honour be agraable to me havin' a green coat, in regard of ould Ireland; may the sun never set on her! But, maybe yer honour would be wantin' a choice about the coat; and faith! I'm asy about the colour; barring it wouldn't be orange, bad luck to it! And now, long life to yer ladyship, will I go down to yer illegant kitchen and set to work?

Sir James.—However unpromising our first acquaintance is, I think I must oblige you, Geraldine, by giving this man a trial, as we really need a town servant. You may stay, O'Brallagan: Lucas and the maids will teach you your duty.

O'Brallagan.—Sure and they will! and my blessin' on yer honours, and the beautiful young cratur you own, and she that will be having the handsomest husband in Ireland, and free of his money, long life to him, and not an honesther boy nor Patrick O'Brallagan ever darkened yer door, and quiet, barring the sup of whiskey, when the heart's heavy. And a good day this has turned up for us all, by the powers! (*Exit.*)

Lady Arundel.—I am by no means satisfied with your decision, Sir James. In this confined town-house, where we cannot have an establishment, we might surely have engaged a more respectable servant than this extraordinary savage.

Geraldine.—Do not think so harshly of him, mamma—you are not accustomed to the Irish: but believe me, they are true and faithful. (*Aside, with a sigh.*) Dear, dear O'Brien!

Sir James.—He is certainly a wild Irishman; but, with a little training, we may make a good servant of Patrick O'Brallagan.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE 2.

A Kitchen. O'BALLAGAN, MARY.

O'Brallagan.—Faith and troth, it's an illegant place, and plenty to ate, and your purty face to comfort me, and long may it last. And didn't I tell you before, och! mavourneen, it would do yer bright eyes good to look on the fine grand captain, the thurst of lovers—when would an Irishman not be throe?—one of the ould race, a raal O'Brien; the blood runs right down from the ould ancient kings, throe for him! Isn't it all to see on paper and made out in Latin, as ould Corny O'Neil can show, musha! musha! So, darling of me heart, the captain comes to me and says,—Paitrick O'Brallagan, you'll be the bachelor of purty Mary.

Mary.—What assurance indeed!—and what did you say to that, Mr. O'Brallagan?

O'Brallagan.—Wouldn't I tell the captain the

truth? how we came together, and how I was proud to git a sight of yer face; and by the same token, it wasn't your fault, that ye were not knowen me, in regard that we had niver met sin we were born, at all, at a^{ll}. Then says the captain, wouldn't your purty Mary be the girl to put the bit of paper to Miss Geraldine, and the mother that owned her niver be the wiser. And didn't I spake for you, mavourneen, and give yer consint, and take the captin's illegant letther and the crown-piece, for you entirely. Few it is of them same crown-pieces iver rests with the O'Briens, in regard of their being remarkable free in parting wid them, blessins on them for iver and iver, it is them that are the raal throe race. May the Heavens shower gold upon their heads!

Mary.—And must I give Miss Geraldine the letter, Patrick?

O'Brallagan.—In coorse ye will, my darlin; and when they are married, you are my choice to be Mrs. Patrick O'Brallagan, and then we will apply for the place of lady's maid to the captain and his bride, seeing that same would shute us entirely.

Mary.—Well, Patrick, I will do it, if you say it is right; but I feel rather shy about it, for Mr. Lucas has been watching us all along from his pantry window; and Patrick, you know he is jealous about you. Then Cook, she is jealous of him, and treats me like a slave, and I cannot help being better looking than she is.

O'Brallagan.—Not a bit of it, you beauty o' the

world, and if ye wer' wishin' the fairies to make ye ill-lookin', they couldn't find in their hearts to do it. Here comes Mrs. Cook, so lave me to discoorse her nately, and go in it with the letther, ye good cratur.

[*Exit* MARY.]

Enter COOK, with a plucked fowl.

O'Brallagan.—Sure, I knowed that would be your purty foot makin' the music on the flore. Och, by the powers, it is a wonderful woman ye are, Misthress Cook. I'm thinking, ye jewel, ye would asily make a roasted goose out of a prater, musha. A raal clever cratur ye are wi' the pans and grid-irons.

Cook.—You says so, Mr. O'Brallagan, and you is haltogether a gentleman, but there's hothers that hought to be the first to speak them words that old their tongues, and runs hafter other girls as hought to be hashamed o' theirselves to be hinveggling hother people's sweetarts, and a making their hinnyhendens hagen them as is their betters.

O'Brallagan.—And, sure, it wouldn't be purty Mary ye would mane, Misthress Cook. Bad luck to him that would make her out to be a rogue, and me here to let that word be said, and Mary my own counthrywoman, and that's the thruth intirely.

Cook.—There hagen, Mr. O'Brallagan, you're a standin' up for her, and the girl's hinsensed you as she's a Hirisher. No such a thing! My lady never ires no Hirishers, and she ave a sittyfittykit as ow as Mary wer' born hin Hessex.

O'Brallagan.—Och! only to see that same! But be asy, my jewel.—isn't Mary my own lawful cousin? Leastways, her own born mother, which was Biddy O'Neil, was second cousin to my Aunt Honor Delany, which same was born at Kilfinane, and berred i' the thrubbles, God rest her soul! and it follows quite nat'ral that Mary would be cousin to me. And shure Biddy O'Neil was a Kilkenny woman, and any how her daughter would be a born Irishwoman.

Cock.—Really, Mr. O'Brallagan, you talk a deal of nonsense, you that's a man of heddication, and I cannot hunderstand your piggygrease; I stand to it as Mary's Hinglish, and old up er ed, and perk erself habout er beauty, sich has it his, and him hencouraging er as hought to know better, and telling er he hadmire black heyes—more shame hon im, when he know my heyes is surilleen blue, hand that he swear with his hown tongue, till she tice im hoff, a himperent ussy.

O'Brallagan.—Be asy now, my fine woman, arrah what would you be havin? It's Patrick O'Brallagan that's her sworn bachelor, and will be thrue to her, and be the friend of her and hers for iver and iver, and bad luck to the spalpeen that lays his eyes on her at all, at all, widout my lave from this day out. (*Sees Lucas enter behind.*) And you'd be hearing my words, Mr. Lucas, long life to you for a snake, stalen behind to listen to our discoorse. May be it'll not be plasín you.

Lucas.—I hadvise you, O'Brallagan, not to disre-

member that you are speaking to a hupper servant, and to respect your betters and keep a civil tongue in your ed. I ear what you say of me and Miss Mary, and I hadvise you to mind your hown haffairs.

O'Brallagan.—Shure now ! and a fine bit of advice it is ! and grand words ; may be it would be the Masther that said them words to you, and you being sich a mighty fine gintleman ! (*Enter Mary.*) Och ! Mary, mavourneen, it wouldn't be thrue that you'd be lettin' him come round you with his grand dis-coorse : ye wouldn't be shaming them that came afore you. Shure ! it's not for your mother's daughter to demane herself to an Englishman.

Lucas.—What do you mean, you low Hirish feller ? I allays say you be quite inferiorer to us ; and I take care this ouse are too ot to old ye. I say to Sir James as ow you hinsults the hupper servants, and as you conways cladderintestine letters to our Miss, which inference I 'se make it my dooty to report to my lady, hin honnor.

O'Brallagan.—By the powers, and that's what ye mane to do ye ould rogue o' the world ; and it's a hullabaloo ye'll riz, ye will ! Arrah ! then what'll Patrick O'Brallagan be doing, musha ! musha ! To blazes wi' ye, ye schamer o' life, ye slave of a Saxon, may ye git yer desarvins, sooner or later. Hoorah ! for the rights of Ireland !

Cook (shrieks).—Pollis ! Pollis ! elp ! elp ! Oh the willun will murder poor hinnocent Mr. Lucas !

Lucas.—'Old im, Cook, 'old im ; get back to Hire-

land, you poor hignorant savage. Hall them Hirish is rogues and beggars.

O'Brallagan.—Whisha, girls, let me be. Arrah, you spalpeen, wait till we git our rights, and won't we driv' all ye venomous Saxons before us into the wide say, and clare you out of our own counthry outright, Whisha! whisha! (*Dances about waving his arms; the women scream.*)

Enter SIR JAMES.

Sir James.—What means this infernal noise? Are you all drunk, or mad? You have terrified the ladies into hysterics.

All together.—Please, Sir James——

Sir James.—I must understand the matter thoroughly: I command you all to follow me to the library, that I may learn the truth.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE THE LAST.

The Library. SIR JAMES, LADY ARUNDEL, GERALDINE seated at a table; the Servants standing, the Women weeping, LUCAS and O'BALLAGAN making gestures of anger.

Sir James.—Now, I must insist upon knowing the cause of this strange uproar. You appeared to be a quiet young man, O'Brallagan; what has thus provoked you to such violence?

O'Brallagan.—It's me counthry, yer honourable worship! that desaving thief o' the world, what does he do but turn his black tongue to abuse me' counthry! Ireland, your honour, the fine ouldest counthry o' the world. Och! isn't it in me that our grand ould ancient kings were uppermost ov' all the arth afore the black soil of England had riz from the bottom of the say. It wouldn't become yer beautiful ladyship to be larfing at my words anyhow, in regard of ould Corny O'Neil—that's him that bates the globe for larnin—and didn't he tache me and all the scholars the ould history that came down in Latin to him, that spoke Latin quite nat'ral. **And** didn't Corny insense us that the day was comin' for the thrue Irish boys to get their rights, and their ould ancient kings back agen. And by the same token, isn't it every inch of the ground is blessed, in regard of St. Patrick himself that walked without a shoe to his foot from one end to another, and left it to us for iver and iver, that the boys would be the bravest, and the girls the purtiest of all the world, and that's thrue of it, and no lie at all, at all, as Corny knows, and——

Lady Arundel.—Pray be silent, young man, your words are perfectly distracting to me.

O'Brallagan.—Ochone! see that now! what will I do at all, wisha? Sorra a bit would Patrick O'Brallagan be the boy to give the fear to her beautiful honourable ladyship; and the illegant young miss with the smile on her purty mouth, and one too that knows the Captain, him that's the thruest of lovers, and wanted to go off to the Crimmer to fight

the Roosians, barring he wouldn't displease the jewel that owned his heart altogether. Wisha! wishah! what will I be saying now? That's the way wid me iver, the thruth always comes out; and if it wer' the killen' o' me, my heart gets the bettther o' me.

Lady Arundel.—What does the man mean by these impertinent allusions to lovers?

Lucas.—Please, my lady, them were the very words I say which aggravate O'Brallagan. I think it my dooty, my lady, to infer, when I see O'Brallagan give Miss Mary a cladderintestine letter to take to Miss Geraldine.

O'Brallagan.—Arrah, then, bad luck to yez for a maker of mischief; it's the saints themselves that ye would provoke, let alone a civil-spoken boy like me, that cannot put up with yer ways. Musha! Isn't it thrue for the master that ye're all alike, and it's divarshun from morn till night, and nothing else in the world ye think on, down below in the jintale kitchen, where there's plinty and no stint, and niver a pig durst show his purty face in it at all!

Sir James.—Do not look alarmed, my dear Lady Arundel. The *cladderintestine* letter enclosed one to me, which Geraldine dutifully delivered, and told me the tale which she has yet been too timid to communicate to her mother. It was my mother who sanctioned and approved the addresses of Captain O'Brien, a gallant soldier who has already earned laurels—the nephew and heir of our old friend, Lord O'Brien. The letter was from him, making such proposals for our daughter as I think even you will

not reject, though the Captain is Irish. I expect the gentleman to call himself this morning,—and probably that may be his knock. Go, Lucas, and usher in the visitor.

LUCAS *retires, and returns, announcing* CAPTAIN O'BRIEN.

SIR JAMES *goes forward, shakes hands, and introduces him to* LADY ARUNDEL.

Capt. O'Brien.—Truly, Sir James, an introduction to your gentle lady encourages me to hope. Who can behold her and not see at once that she must be the mother of the lovely Geraldine; if they did not decide that one so young and beautiful could only be her sister.

Lady Arundel.—You gentlemen of the sister island certainly excel in the art of flattering the matrons, and winning the maidens.

Capt O'Brien.—So the world say; but then, where are there such sons and such husbands as the true-hearted sons of Erin? Make me your devoted servant for ever, dear lady, by granting me the hand of your fair image, my beloved Geraldine.

Lady Arundel.—I had other views for my daughter, but I leave all in the hands of Sir James; for though usually I have somewhat of prejudice against the Irish, there is a nobility about your manner, worthy of the nephew of Lord O'Brien, whom I knew well many years ago—in fact—I thought him too old.

Capt. O'Brien.—How fortunate, dear Lady Arundel! for if you had not thought so, the world would

not have seen the flower of beauty, Geraldine Arundel, and I should not have been the heir of the O'Briens.

Sir James.—We will know you a little more, O'Brien, and then I think you need not despair.

Capt. O'Brien.—And blessed will be the day when I shall carry my little pearl of the world back to the land of love and beauty, dear Erin!

O'Brallagan.—And would ye be wanting a lady's maid, Captain?

Capt. O'Brien.—Arrah, Patrick, is that you? What in the world have you been brought up for?—you surely haven't been breaking the peace here?

O'Brallagan.—Wisha, wisha! what will I do? It was me blood was up! wasn't it the innemies of our counthry, Captain, 'ud provoked me?

Capt O'Brien.—And so you wish to go out as a lady's maid to Ireland?

O'Brallagan.—Plase your honour, that was in regard to purty Mary and Miss Geraldine, and she willin' to take me intirely if Miss Geraldine will want us for the lady's maid, or the lodge at the grand gate, when we would be havin' a praty all the year round, and maybe a pig on the floor, and not a penny of rint to pay. And isn't Mary the girl that'll make me come home straight, niver looking at the shebeen, at all, at all.

Capt. O'Brien.—Well, O'Brallagan, I believe we Irish boys are best at home; so, if Sir James will allow it, and Lady Arundel will pardon your tres-

passes, you must return with me to the *ould counthry*,
good luck to it!

O'Brallagan.—Hoorah! hoorah! for the thrue
boys; ould Ireland for iver!

CHARADE IV.

Characters.

GLENALLIN.
M'LOMOND.
JACOB HODGES.

JESSY.
MARTHA WILLANS.

SCENE 1.

A room in a Highland Castle.

Enter JACOB.

“Thus far into the bowels of the land.” And a very snug place is a Highland castle; “here would I rest.” Well, “all the world’s a stage,” and decidedly my performances on its boards have for the last few days been uncommonly successful. A love affair! the aim of my life! All my experience before was but foil practice; now I am on the field of honour; on the path to victory. To speak simple truth, the whole affair may be called an artful dodge. First, I succeed in releasing the young lady’s hawk unperceived and unsuspected; and then I recover it, of

MIS-CHIEF.



course at the peril of my life, and restore it to its fair mistress. How charmingly she thanked me for my rash and dangerous exploit; overcome by her matchless beauty, I remained long speechless with wonder; then crying out, "Oh, speak again, bright angel!" I involuntarily revealed my passion. Then I vowed that were she, as I hoped, some simple village maiden, I would abandon my father's halls, resign my high estate, and remain at her side, and "beyond all limit of what's in the world, would love, prize, honour her." She blushed and trembled; then with the rich gift of speech which nature has so bountifully bestowed on me, I won her at length to answer my frantic demands. Unconscious that I had known and watched her long, she revealed to me, with a deep sigh, that she had the misfortune to be the heiress of Glenallin; which disclosure *naturally* filled me with grief and despair. In my distraction, I threatened to terminate my wretched life; but at her urgent entreaties, I consented to live for her sake. *By accident*, we have met again and again; and I have acted Romeo to the life, and have, I trust, captivated my admiring Juliet. It has become necessary to take a bolder step, and having *opportunately* to-day found the falcon's silver chain, I have ventured into the very den of the lion, in order to restore the young lady's property, but above all to have a peep into the interior of the establishment, to rub down the governor, and then, if the cards are in my favour, to present the happily worded letter of my Lord Glasgow. Ah! here comes

the pretty little filly, neat in her paces, but I have seen freer action.—Poor Martha!

Enter JESSY.

Jessy.—Oh, Montague, rash and thoughtless man, how could you disobey me? how could you venture to enter the castle uninvited? Glenallin is fiery in temper, and you have all the pride and bravery of an English Knight. I tremble to think on your meeting; should you quarrel, what would be my misery! Promise me, Montague, not to resent any hasty words my father may utter.

Jacob.—Rest happy, gentle maiden! your soft wishes will form a shield to protect your parent. Could I, by word or act, create a pang in that valued heart? He is safe, though he insult me: but though he should call out all his clan, he cannot stop me; for, Jessy, “there lies more peril in thine eyes, than twenty of their swords.”

Jessy.—“*O gentle Montague!*” it is very strange! almost marvellous how all my dreams of fancy have been fulfilled. Would you believe it that when my sweet friend, Augusta Victoria Smith, and I used to speculate on our future prospects—for we shared the same dormitory at Mount Ida House, at Hampstead, and used to solace the long hours of our nocturnal watchfulness by planning charming romances of love—would you believe it that I then vowed I would tolerate no lover unless he was named Montague?

Jacob.—Happy, prophetic inspiration! and did that ideal Montague resemble——

Jessy.—I must confess that my fancied adorer spoke very much as you do, and except for the uniform, the personal resemblance is striking. But alas Glenallin wishes to betroth me to his constant ally and fast friend; and his name is unfortunately Alexander. Besides his accent is Scottish, and I am persuaded he would be laughed at and ridiculed at Mount Ida House. I allow that he is noble and rich, tall and handsome; but he has no sentiment, no romance in his character: he laughs so loudly that I am convinced Miss Primby would faint to hear him, and I fear many of his habits would be thought low at Mount Ida House academy.

Jacob.—Then cast him from you, noble maiden, “Love is all gentle words, or sighs, or tears.”

Jessy.—What would Augusta Victoria Smith think of such a rude and unfashionable *futur*? She is already betrothed; but sad to say, her lover, though a captain in the Hampshire Militia, is named John Thompson. This was ever a painful fact to her, till I suggested that we should always name him *Giovanni*; she was enchanted with the idea, and ever after addressed him *Il mio caro Giovanni*. Beloved, highly gifted Augusta Victoria!

Jacob.—Oh, say to your charming friend that Montague Fitz-Alan throws himself at her feet, intreating her to intercede with the peerless Jessy to accept the devoted love of her slave. Turn not away, light of my soul, from my bold words. “O Beauty! till now I never knew thee!”

Jessy.—I am weak and blameable to listen to your

wild vows ; besides, I cannot accept you, there is one insuperable objection ; the hero of my school fancies was a soldier. Why, Montague, with your noble nature, and distinguished figure, have you not adopted the graceful and honourable uniform that marks the defender of his country, in this her hour of need ?

Jacob.—Alas, fair maiden, family reasons have restrained my ardent desire to join the brave band who are gathering blood-stained laurels in strange lands. I am the sole representative of a noble and ancient family of high conservative principles. My proud father disdained to owe his son's commission to a commander-in-chief of opposite politics. The matter was even urged on him by high authority ; but he firmly refused. But now, sweet Jessy, I am your slave ; “Call me but love, I will forsake my name.” I will accept rank in the army of the Whigs ! Decide for me, fair mistress of my fate ; name your favourite regiment ; and such is the influence of the name of Fitz-Alan, that my commission will be secured.

Jessy.—Not on any account, Montague : in truth, I fear I am wrong. I tremble at the thoughts of your meeting with Glenallin ; that is, with papa. Miss Primley insisted on my always calling him papa at Mount Ida House ; she declared it was rude and ill bred to speak so unceremoniously of my parent, and that I ought at least to say *Mister* Glenallin. I durst not address him thus for the world, and he forbids me to say papa ; yet it would shock Augusta Victoria if I forgot the elegant manners of Hampstead. But you have no idea how

absolute and imperious papa can be, Montague, and probably he will insist on knowing your business at the Castle.

Jacob.—And I am fully prepared to reply to him. Glenallin is no more formidable to me than Derby, Aberdeen, or any of my noble friends at the Court of England.

Jessy.—But I am not sure that I should like to appear at the Court of England, among your great friends. I am but a simple Scottish lassie, or at best a foolish English school-girl. And, then, papa is so anxious that I should marry M'Lomond—

Jacob.—M'Lomond! Is he in the Castle?

Jessy.—No; he is gone off on a hunting party; and, besides, he was so offended with my indifference, that it will be long before he comes here again.

Jacob (aside).—I trust it may.

Jessy.—But why do you ask? Do you know M'Lomond?

Jacob.—I have hunted with him at Lord Glasgow's.

Jessy.—Glasgow is papa's great friend; therefore, his name will be your introduction. We will go to him in his study.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE 2.

A room in the castle, with books, trophies of the chase, &c
GLENALLIN seated, with papers before him.

What can have become of my bonnie spoilt lassie? Ah, my lady Glenallin! it was a dark day for me when you lay on your death-bed, and urged me to promise to send my heartsome lassie to learn English manners at a southron school. And what has come of the deed? It will be long before she bounds over the heath again with the free step of the Gael. It will be long before she forget the mincing, sickening tongue of the South; nay, worse than all, I fear it will be long before her wayward fancy will see the worth of the gallant, faithful young M'Lomond. My winsome Jessy! I would not have her to give her hand till he has won her heart; but I have again urged him to come, unknown to her; and this day I trust to see him at the head of his brave clansmen; then I ken little of a young lassie's fancy, if the bold M'Lomond, towering above his clan, clad in his gray kilt and plaid, and wearing his eagle plume above his noble brow, does not win my Jessy. I hear the music of her foot; but who is this stranger?

Enter JACOB and JESSY.

Jessy.— Dear papa — Glenallin, I mean — this gentleman, an English traveller, was so obliging as to secure my fugitive falcon; and he has now kindly

come to restore to me the silver chain which he has found. This is Mr. Montague Fitz-Alan, papa.

Glenallin.—I thank Mr. Montague Fitz-Alan for his exploit, and I make no doubt that you have also thanked him, my daughter. The halls of Glenallin are ever open to the stranger: he is welcome.

Jacob.—My lord, I come to claim more from you than your hospitality: I would not be a stranger in these honoured halls. I have long, unknown to her, admired and loved your fair daughter. Deem it not presumption; I am the heir of a noble house, and I come forward boldly to beseech you to accept me as your son-in-law. I have set my life upon the cast, yet dare not to urge my passion to the lovely maid without your sanction. I rest all my hopes on your generosity—I ask but the maid; wealth I need not. “My love, more noble than the world, prizes not quantity of dirty lands.” She, alone, is my attraction. “That miracle!—that queen of gems!”

Glenallin.—But who, and what are you, young Englishman? Your words are many, and beyond the comprehension of our northern simplicity. You are welcome to the hospitality of my castle, as a stranger; but, as the wooer of my daughter, I would know more of you.

Jacob.—“I stand for judgment.” Know you not the high-born Lord Glasgow?

Glenallin.—Well I know the heroic Glasgow; but he is no longer in Scotland; ten days ago, at the head of the bravest of his clan, he sailed to fight the battles of his country in the East. Even if you

know him, he cannot appear to certify who you are.

Jacob.—"Doubt not mine honour." The noble Glasgow has ever been my firm friend: we parted on the strand, and, at that anxious moment, I poured into his friendly bosom my tale of silent love. He heard and pitied me; nay, more, he urged me to seek you, his noble friend, and declare my passion; he even wrote a few brief words before he left the shore, to advocate my cause. Behold the letter!

Glenallin.—I am satisfied that you are honourable by the sight of my friend's writing; it is scarcely needful to read his letter. (*Opens and reads it.*)

"Will you, for my sake, dear Glenallin, grant the bearer, if possible, the favour he asks from you; he will prove all you can wish. Ever yours,

"GLASGOW."

Truly, Mr. Fitz-Alan, this is high testimony, and had I not built my hopes on my little lassie becoming the bride of the brave M'Lomond, I should have proudly welcomed you as my son. Now, I must perforce disappoint you for——

Jacob.—Yet, stay, Glenallin. "Hear the lady!—let the lady speak!" I will abide by her decision.

"If she love me not,
Let me be no assistant to a state,
But keep a farm and carters!"

Glenallin.—Young Englishman, it is not usual for Scottish maidens to dictate to their parents. I am

the head of a clan, of which my daughter forms an individual. I require obedience, though I am no despot. My clansmen give me their services; I do not hold them in slavery. My daughter must yield me her duty; but I do not wish her to forfeit her happiness. Speak, then, my Jessy: is it true that you have so soon bestowed your heart on this stranger; and would you be his bride?

Jessy.—Oh, Montague, I cannot leave Glenallin. I believe I never meant seriously to leave home. But, papa, Augusta Victoria wrote to assure me you would compel me to marry M'Lomond; and I thought that would be terrible.

Glenallin.—And you thought your silly English correspondent knew your father better than you did yourself. No, Jessy; I would not force you to marry my friend, though I shall expect that the daughter of Glenallin wed only her equal. But you shall not decide hastily, my child. We will descend to the dining hall, and introduce the noble Saxon to Highland hospitality.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE THE LAST.

A hall in the castle. Table covered with jugs, glasses, &c.
GLENALLIN, JACOB, JESSY, seated.

Glenallin.—Leave us not yet, my Jessy. (*Aside*) I shall weary of this stranger's fantastic words, if I

am left alone with him. (*Aloud*) I have some hopes of a visit from an old friend to-day; when he arrives, you can seek your bower, and consider over the grand question.

Jacob.—(*Aside*) I should like to know who the old fellow expects; it would be advisable to *cut* in time. (*Aloud*) And I must tear myself awhile from all I love. I expect important dispatches from Government, and must be at my inn to receive them.

Enter Servant.

Servant.—There's a pair sonsie English lassie, clamouring for justice fra ye, Glenallin.

Glenallin.—Take her to my study, Andrew.

Servant.—But there's no hauding her, Glenallin, she is greeting just ahint me.

Jessy.—Let the poor woman come here, papa, if she be in sorrow. (*Exit servant.*)

Enter MARTHA, who rushes up to JACOB.

Martha.—Oh, Jacob Hodges, sham' on you! you're at your play-actor tricks again; gettin' into grand folks' houses wi' your rigmarole speechifying. How dar' ye lift up your head, man, after swearing to marry a poor lass, and then running off and leaving her altogether.

Jacob.—Woman, avaunt! I know thee not. "This is mere madness."

Martha.—Not know me, Martha Willans? God forgi' thee, Jacob! (*scbbing*) and oh, miss! sic a bonny quiet lad he was down i' Yorkshire, when we

were bits of bairns together; but nought wad sarve him but gang off wi' t' player folks; and it was nobbit last Martinmas was a twelvemonth, that he sattled down, and we cam' together into yan house.

Glenallin.—Young man, what means this woman's violence? Are you not a Fitz-Alan?

Jacob.—"You are abused, my lord."

Glenallin.—I fear indeed that I am; and you must certainly have greatly imposed on Lord Glasgow.

Martha.—That he niver did, I'll stand to it. Jacob there, wi' all his bits of fine duds, and his silly ways, is as good a groom as ever rubbed down a horse, and that's what my lord couldn't but say on him.

Jessy.—A groom! can it be possible.

Martha.—Yes, miss, we baith lived wi' my lord, till he set off a soldiering, and then Jacob, he had no mind for fighting, so my lord sits down, and writes him a carackter, to get him a good place. Then Jacob he ticed me on to gi' warning, and he telled me he would be sartain to meet me at Glasgow town-end last Monday was a week, and he would wed me. And I went like a fule that I was, and saw none on him, not I, and some folks we kenned tuik me in, and there I fell bad wi' crying and fretting, till our folks heared on him seeking for a place at Glenallin, and after him I cam, and——

Jacob.—*Amazing!* The woman labours under a strong mental delusion. Believe her not.

"Mine honour is my life; both grow in one;
Take honour from me, and my life is done."

Enter M'Lomond.

M'Lomond (taking Jessie's hand).—How fares my bonnie Jessie? What! in tears, my winsome lassie? What means this?

Jessy.—Oh, do not ask me, M'Lomond! I am ashamed to look on you.

M'Lomond.—I am in a mist. Speak, Glenallin, my good friend. You seem to be holding a court of justice in your banqueting hall. Who is this weeping woman and the gentleman.—Why, Hodges! what in the world has brought you in this gay attire to Glenallin.

Jacob.—“A truant disposition, good, my lord.”

M'Lomond.—Oh, I see, then the lass you left behind you has followed to claim her property: a common case. But yet I cannot understand how Lord Glasgow's groom happens to be seated at Glenallin's board.

Jessy.—I will tell you all afterwards, M'Lomond; my romantic folly has produced this vexatious scene. Entreat Glenallin to pardon his English-school girl, who promises in future to act like Glenallin's daughter.

Jacob.—Oh woman! woman! “Now could I drink hot blood.” But, no, I will not. Would you please, Glenallin, to return me my character, “out of holy pity?” I must needs resume the duties of my profession. See, girl, what a pretty kettle of fish, thou hast made, but I forgive thee, and—

“Mark but my fall, and that which ruined me!
Martha, I charge thee, fling away ambition.”

Let us leave the gorgeous palaces of the proud. "Not a frown more:" forgive my brief inconstancy, and

"All my fortune at thy feet I'll lay,
And follow thee, my love, through all the world."

[*Exeunt JACOB and MARTHA.*]

M'Lomond (laughing.)—And now for explanations. I am anxious to discover the meaning of Martha's "kettle of fish."

CHARADE V.

 Characters.

MR. HOWARD.

MR. GARDENER.

CHARLES GARDENER

SIR WALTER NEVILLE.

FANNY WOODLEY.

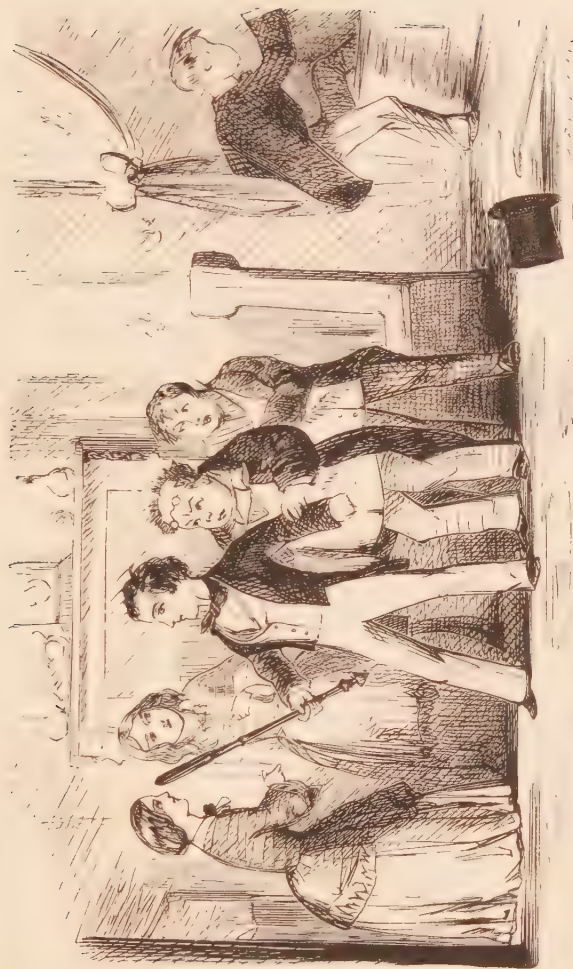
MRS. LOCKWOOD.

 SCENE 1.
MR. GARDENER's *Library*.*Enter MR. GARDENER and CHARLES.*

Gardener.—Mr. Howard has undertaken the sales to-day; I expect him to call and report the state of the market, and it would be advisable that you should wait his coming.

Charles.—That I will gladly do, for I have also something important to communicate to you. With your consent, my dear sir, I earnestly wish to marry.

Gardener.—*My consent, my consent, son!* Since I entered into the prosperous concern in which I have the honour to be a partner, I have never, in a single



CO-WARD.

instance, violated the laws of partnership. In my words and in my deeds, I have scrupulously acted as one of the firm—never for myself alone. I will make a minute of your proposal, and bring it before the notice of Mr. Howard at our next meeting. We will then jointly take the matter into consideration, and if the transaction be agreed on as prudent, we will proceed to select a suitable person for your wife.

Charles.—My dear sir, you have quite mistaken my words and intentions. I decidedly wish to choose my own wife; in fact, as I hoped you understood me, I have already made my choice.

Gardener.—Absurd and impossible! Such a bargain is null, wanting the signatures of the principals. In all business transactions, my son, it is your duty, as well as your interest, being but the junior partner, to leave the important matter of decision to the heads of the firm. Subordination is one of the grand sinews of business. Even I submit to Howard; you, to Howard and Gardener.

Charles.—But this is no business transaction, father.

Gardener.—Every transaction is a matter of business. I recognize words and actions only in this light.

Charles.—But, my dear father, hear me: I am in love with the most charming girl in the world; I wish to marry her; I am in a good position, for you are a wealthy merchant, and I am your only son. This is a mere affair of the affections, therefore allow nature to be your guide rather than formal

rules; permit me to follow my inclination, and gratify me by your approbation.

Gardener.—Quite incompatible with our laws of partnership! We will jointly and carefully inspect the goods—that is, the specimens of the sex who are of suitable age, position, and fortune; and will select one for you without flaw or defect.

Charles.—Doubtless, sir, you would choose a lady free from a squint or a limp; but beautiful or ugly, rich or poor, I would refuse her. It is extremely improbable that Mr. Howard and you should select the very lady to whom I am devoted; and it is not in the power of man to compel me to marry any other.

Gardener.—Charles, you must have lost your senses. You have ever been exemplary in the counting-house; you have ever conformed to the laws of the establishment. Now, you refuse to agree to a treaty to be contracted by the heads of the firm! This would be a proceeding unexampled in the annals of the house; and would almost be sufficient to shake its credit.

Charles.—Do believe, sir, that the public in general care as little about whom I shall marry as they do about what you have for dinner.

Gardener.—And even that affair requires a consideration of the effect it may produce: a due medium between extravagance and parsimony is necessary to preserve the balance of credit with the world.

Charles (aside).—I really believe the old gentleman

has a consultation with his partner, before he orders his dinner.

Enter MR. HOWARD.

Howard.—Well, Gardener, I bring good tidings. The markets, which fell to suit our purchases yesterday, have risen to benefit our sales to-day. And capital sales we have made: Howard and Gardeners will be a thousand pounds better for this day's transaction. But you look gloomy, Gardener; all well in the counting-house?

Gardener.—All is well *in* the counting-house, Mr. Howard; but *out* of the counting-house all is *not* well, I regret to state. The junior partner of the firm of Howard and Gardeners threatens to damage the character of the house, Mr. Howard.

Howard.—What do you mean, Gardener? Your own son! Our good Charles! You alarm me. Speak, Charles, and explain this serious charge.

Charles.—In truth, Mr. Howard, I merely asked my father's consent to my marriage, as any obedient and affectionate son would do; and he, in his very scrupulous and rigid fashion, insists on making a business transaction of my love affair, and treating it as if it was a matter of buying a cargo of sugar—a mode of proceeding to which I cannot agree.

Howard.—But perhaps, Charles, your father has some serious objection to the lady.

Charles.—He has never even asked her name, but he insists on selecting me a wife himself from among the best specimens in the market.

Howard.—And probably you would thank him, on some future day, for his prudent choice. Age is considerate; youth is headstrong. Nevertheless, we will look at your selection; and if we agree in our approbation, we will confirm the bargain, though it has been entered into by a junior partner.

Charles (aside).—Now comes my grief. (*Aloud*) I promised to join the fair owner of my affections in the park at two o'clock. Will you be kind enough to accompany me at once, Mr. Howard? My father will, I know, attend the consultation. I might have prevaricated or deceived you in this affair; but it is not in my nature. I throw myself on your generosity, and I trust my respected partners will deal liberally with their obedient servant, Charles Gardener.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE 2.

The Park.

Enter MRS. LOCKWOOD and FANNY WOODLEY. They seat themselves on a bench.

Fanny.—It is no use in the world, dear, good Mrs. Lockwood, going on giving lessons to me at twenty. I am full of instruction; I can imbibe no more. I am determined now to take holiday, cast away wisdom, put on my cap and bells, and talk folly with Charles Gardener.

Mrs. Lockwood.—I can assure you, Miss Woodley, that you are entirely mistaken in the calculation of your mental capacity. The mind of man is ductile and expansive, continually craving knowledge, and remaining ever unsatisfied. Even I, whose life has been devoted to the pursuits of science, and profound investigations in learning, am discontent. I see before me vast fields where I may still gather more precious stores: I am unwilling to waste an hour unprofitably. Mr. Charles Gardener is a man of education; Mr. Howard speaks of him as a man of certain talents. I have not discovered them: I have attended to his discourse, and been lost in wonder to find that in so many words it is impossible to extract a particle of nourishment for the understanding; and I lament that a pupil of mine should derive pleasure from associating with a man of such frivolity.

Fanny.—Then what should you think, my dear governess, of your naughty pupil announcing to you that she has condescended to accept Charles Gardener as her future husband?

Mrs. Lockwood.—I should repudiate the assertion as impossible, Miss Woodley. Your own good sense, your cultivated mind, your guardian's contempt for idleness and folly, would equally forbid such a degrading alliance. I am content that you should marry: but I hope and expect that you will select for your husband a man of profound and acknowledged learning, that the collision of two great minds may produce scintillations to dazzle the world.

Fanny.—Who cares for dazzling the wonder-loving world? Not Charles Gardener, and certainly not Fanny Woodley. “Ah, friend, to dazzle let the vain design.” Our aim, my good friend, is domestic felicity. We have dreams of the golden age. Truly, dear Mrs. Lockwood, Charles is neither a fool, a fop, nor an idler. He certainly talks like the gay youths of the fashionable world; but he acts like the grave lords of the counting-house in all important matters, save one. He is not grave in the important affair of making love, for he knows I should never tolerate a serious lover; yet he is not altogether gay, for there are trials and difficulties in the road to our happiness.

Mrs. Lockwood.—Assuredly you have chosen a difficult road. It appears perfectly incredible to me, that the young lady to whom I have devoted so many pleasant years to perfect in knowledge, should cast aside the lofty aspirations of the intellectual powers, to talk of love like a country maiden.

Fanny.—Love has small regard for aristocratic distinctions, and has been in all ages a noted leveller, you know well, my dear madam, though he is an intolerable tyrant. I own my unworthiness; the same potent spell that enlightened the dull mind of Cymon, has converted your Clio into a Dorcas. But this is the holiday of my life, good friend; do not grudge me it. Remember how incessantly I have laboured through your pleasant years, at Greek verbs, mathematical problems, and scientific experiments, till my poor head ached with excess of knowledge.

Mrs. Lockwood.—I was ever anxious, my dear pupil, that you should have reasonable and healthy relaxation from severe study.

Fanny (sighing).—Yes, you would say, “Come, my dear child, you need recreation; let us rest from labour, and enjoy a chapter of Hallam’s “Middle Ages.” The book is doubtless rich in wisdom; but, to speak the whole truth, I do propose that one of the first acts of Mrs. Charles Gardener’s independence shall be to make a bonfire of Hallam; for there is headache in the sight of it.

Mrs. Lockwood.—What vast labour have I expended in vain!

Fanny.—Not in vain, my dear and best friend. You have laid a solid and excellent foundation, and though the superstructure may be somewhat lighter and more ornamental than you proposed, it will stand the firmer for your valuable labours.

Mrs. Lockwood.—My mistaken child, I am grievously disappointed; but what does your sagacious guardian say of this unfortunate affair?

Fanny.—He knows nothing of it yet; I must leave Charles to manage the proposal in his own way; for, kind as he is, I am somewhat afraid of my grave guardian; and moreover he has, I know, some plan for marrying me to Sir Walter Neville.

Mrs. Lockwood.—The gentleman we met last week at Lady Burton’s ball? Then, my child, although his birth is noble, I shall oppose such an alliance; for his mind is uncultivated, his manners unpolished, and his language unintelligible.

Enter MESSRS. GARDENER and HOWARD.

Mr. Howard.—Well met, my dear child; I will rest near you awhile, for I am somewhat weary with my unusual rambles in the parade of fashion, whither our young friend, Mr. Charles has led his father and myself on a fruitless chase after an *ignis fatuus*.

Charles.—By no means a fruitless search, Mr. Howard; for you see before you the fair object of my daring love: and not from my father, but from you, I now supplicate pardon and favour.

Fanny.—“Too rash! too unadvised! too sudden!”

Mr. Howard.—You must be well aware, Mr. Charles Gardener, that Miss Woodley is an heiress, bequeathed, with her large estates, to my charge by her father, a man of rank. You are active and well-informed, a useful junior partner in the house of Howard and Gardeners, but wholly unsuitable to become the husband of Miss Woodley.

Mr. Gardener.—That is the decision of Howard and Gardener, Charles.

Mr. Howard.—Understand me, Mr. Charles. I place a due value on your good conduct and pleasant acquirements; but I do not consider myself authorised to bestow the hand of Miss Woodley on you; especially as I have this morning received a proposal from Sir Walter Neville; who, though personally unknown to me, I am inclined to favour, as I am assured he is a baronet of good blood and handsome fortune: in all respects a suitable match for Miss

Woodley. I have invited him to dine at my little villa this evening, and to prove that I wish this affair to pass off amicably, I request you and your valued father to join us.

Charles.—I feel much overcome, Mr. Howard——

Fanny (aside to Charles).—Come, Charles; I order you to come. I have a plan!

Charles.—It is vain, sir, to contend against your wishes: I obey you.

Fanny (aside).—Now, my dear, good guardian; you or me?

SCENE THE LAST.

A dining-room; the dessert, glasses, &c. MR. HOWARD, MR. GARDENER, CHARLES, SIR WALTER.

Sir Walter.—Well now, I say, old governor, what do you pay down with the girl? I'm the man to make her cash circulate. Then she's such a pretty creature; how well she'll make up in her riding gear! I shall have "Flying Dragon" trained with a petticoat, if he'll stand it; he won't carry me at any price, he has thrown me twice; but if he'll bear the petticoat, Fanny shall join the hunt on "Flying Dragon." But in the matter of the tin, what do you say, old fellow?

Mr. Howard.—Sir Walter, your noble ancestors

would have understood the language you use as little as I do. Am I correct in believing that you inquire the amount of the portion of Miss Woodley?

Sir Walter.—That's the ticket, my *brick*! Out with it!

Charles.—But, Sir Walter—Mr. Howard, permit me to speak—it surely is not intended—Sir Walter cannot be in earnest in proposing to place Miss Woodley on an animal he has thought it appropriate to name “Flying Dragon.”

Sir Walter.—Hollo! my fine fellow. What! you have set up a character already have you? And who coached you up to knowing anything about the article of horse-flesh? “Flying Dragon” is a jewel; but a bit vicious now and then; and Fanny will look splash mounted on him.

Mr. Gardener.—Mr. Howard, would it not be expedient, I presume to suggest, that some guarantee should be required by the firm of Howard and Gardeners, for the safety of the life of Miss Woodley, she being under the guardianship of one of the firm, and exposed to risk and hazard? A bond might be entered into and signed by Sir Walter Neville to insure——

Sir Walter.—Stop there! Catch me giving bonds. I know a little about putting my name to parchments and papers now. The post-obits that came upon me after the old governor was laid among his ancestors, were astonishing, I guess.

Mr. Howard.—I tell you candidly, Sir Walter, that the man who pretends to the hand of Miss

Woodley, must prove to me that his estate is free and uncrippled. Her fortune entitles her to a position of positive affluence.

Sir Walter.—All right, old chap. The governor cut up monstrously well, and we shall spin along, first class, in express train. Why, I have chests of old family plate, and bags of the ready in the house, for to-day was my first rent day: and there's lots of cash for the jolly house-breakers.

Gardener.—Sir Walter, it is imprudent and unbusiness-like to keep cash in the house.

Sir Walter.—It's ready for use, you see; and there isn't a blood-thirsty rascal in the kingdom durst come where I was. Bless you! they know what a desperate fellow I am. My pistols and my cutlass always at hand, and if in the dead of night I heard a sound such as a mouse might make, I seize my arms: it's just "Up, guards, and at 'em," and I'll be bound I could scatter the whole gang before my lazy rascals had put on their slippers.

Gardener.—You seem, Sir Walter, to be a man of wonderful courage; and inclined to bloodshed.

Sir Walter.—I'll tell you what, old gent; if I were to find you in my house uninvited, I should make no bones in shooting you: it would be justifiable homicide.

Loud shrieks in the passage, SIR WALTER trembles, and shrinks behind CHARLES.

Enter MRS. LOCKWOOD and FANNY.

Mrs. Lockwood.—There are robbers in the house.

Mr. Howard ; and both John and the butler are down in the village.

Fanny.—Do not leave the room, my dear guardian, for I heard the wretches vow they would have your life and Sir Walter's.

Charles.—Have you pistols, Sir Walter? Let us, if possible, arm ourselves, to defend Mr. Howard and his property.

Sir Walter.—People don't usually take pistols to dinner parties, Mr. Charles. Nor do they expect to be invited to be robbed and murdered. Really, Mrs. Governess, you and your pupil ought to have looked better after the household than to have let both your men be out. I cannot be of any use. Pray, Miss Fanny, which door can we escape by?

Fanny.—Oh, Sir Walter, there are two men in the hall at the front door, and more in the butler's pantry, near the back door.

A loud tramping is heard approaching the door. CHARLES seizes the poker and stands before MR. HOWARD and his father. The ladies shriek, and SIR WALTER steals backward, opens a window, and drops out. FANNY bursts into a loud laugh.

Fanny (opening the door and speaking to some one outside).—That will do, John ; you may dismiss the forces. Don't be angry with me for alarming you, my dear guardian. It was a little plot, known only to Mrs. Lockwood and me, to terrify the boaster, Sir Walter ; and I hope we have convinced everybody that he is a thorough poltroon, and therefore unworthy of a woman's love.

Howard.—That was a conclusion, my dear Fanny, at which I had previously arrived: I had decided that it would be an act of imprudence to consign you and your property to Sir Walter; and his base unmanliness confirms my judgment. My partners and I will give this matter some further consideration; but I think we shall agree that your fortune cannot be more safely invested than in the house of Howard and Gardeners, you consenting to accept as your husband the junior partner of that firm. I place this proposal before you, young lady, and await your answer.

Fanny.—If I may make my own terms, I have no objection to become one of the firm.

Howard.—We will consider that as settled; and now, Gardener, for your decision?

Gardener.—In this instance I shall say, as on all former consultations, Gardener submits to Howard.

Howard.—And you, Charles?

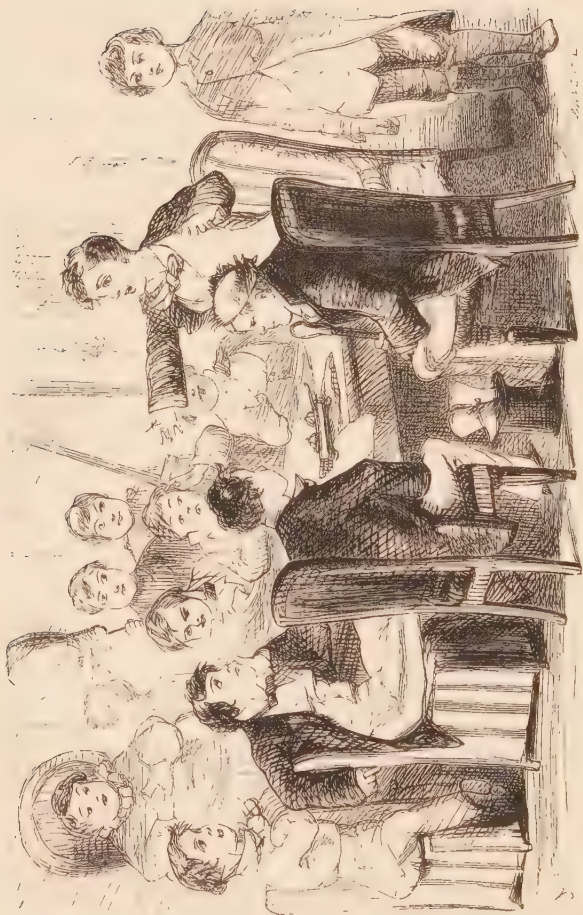
Charles.—Following the advice and example of my father, I can only say Gardener junior submits to Gardener senior.

Howard.—Then, my worthy old friend, we agree that as our junior partner was willing to risk his life to save the heads of the firm, we will reward his worth and valour by giving up to him our valuable charge. We consign this trust to you, Mr. Charles Gardener, trusting that we shall secure your profit, and satisfy our own scruples. We are glad to have disposed of our trust to an honest and brave merchant, and to have escaped the danger of allying her

with the degenerate descendant of the valiant Nevilles of the battle of Hastings.

Fanny.—And, I think, Mrs. Lockwood, you have reason to be proud of your sagacious pupil. I do not think many people will find out what, under the guise of valour, is the true distinction of Sir Walter Neville.

The scene closes.



REST-ORATION.

CHARADE VI.

Characters.

MURROGH O'BRIEN.

MR. LASCELLES.

MR. PARKER.

THE MAYOR OF FAIRMOUNT.

MR. ALDERMAN SOWERBY.

EMILY O'BRIEN.

Railway Porter.

Town Sergeants.

SCENE 1.*The platform of a railway station.**Enter O'BRIEN and EMILY in travelling dress.*

O'Brien (*looking round*).—And a very charming spot it is for the *terminus* of a long journey. Tired, my Emily? Well! let us sit down at this pleasant, cool, bay-window, and quietly consider our past, present, and future. A very charming prospect indeed. Now let us be comfortable; it is long since I felt my cares and troubles reduced to such a small compass.

Emily.—Oh, Murrogh! my dear Murrogh! how can you speak so coolly of our distressing situation?

O'Brien.—Why should you expect me, of all the people in the world, to look melancholy? Why, my dear girl, I couldn't do it, if I tried. See what a charming retreat we have; and no charge for occupation. Then our financial account is easily balanced, for our last sixpence is gone; and as for our worldly possessions, the whole wardrobe of Mr. and Mrs. Murrogh O'Brien, including the elegant *trousseau* of the fair bride, is contained in this simple carpet-bag. And not a bad bag either, now that I look at it. Cheer up, Emily, the carpet-bag will bring half a sovereign; decidedly, my love, the carpet-bag must go next. Then we can enclose our cares in a silk pocket-handkerchief, which I shall carry suspended to my walking-stick, over my shoulder.

Emily.—But, my dear Murrogh, I really do wish you to be serious for a moment, and answer me. What is to become of us now that we are absolutely penniless? Do you think we could, in any way, work and earn money to support us? for I fear papa will never forgive my elopement. How many letters have we written? and not one has been noticed. Alas! alas! I have no mother or sister to intercede for me; and though kind-hearted and generous, papa ever regarded disobedience as a crime. Then, Murrogh, I was his only child; and I abandoned him.

O'Brien.—Why, my pretty darling, what in the world could you do, doting on me as you did, when your father, one of the wealthiest bankers of Lom-

lord-street, announced his decided objection to bestow the hand of his fair daughter on a penniless attorney's clerk? Certainly, that same presuming clerk had the blood of kings in his veins; though the family estates, like the princes of Arran, from whom they were derived, are no more.

Emily.—It was very provoking for my father! he wished me so much to marry Sir Alfred Broadhurst, who is certainly handsome and learned, but too grave for my taste; yet I really cannot tell, Murrough, how I happened to fall in love with you; or how we became acquainted indeed, for I remember no regular introduction. You called with some bundles of papers for papa, were shown into the breakfast-room: then papa was called away, and you were requested to wait his return. To escape your large impertinent eyes, I fled to my piano-forte: you followed, and took up a second to my song, as if we had known each other for years. I felt very much provoked and offended at first; but you looked so comically unconcerned about my anger, that I could not forbear laughing; and, after that laugh, Murrough——

O'Brien.—After that laugh, Emily, there was no retreat for you. I had frequently to come with papers; and, like a blundering Irish fellow, I always happened to come when Mr. Lascelles was out, and had, of course, to wait his return. Not to be idle, we practised duets till we were hoarse; then we sat down and told our respective histories. Mine was short. I told you that my dear thoughtless father had died penniless, but happy in the belief that his rich

brother, Counsellor O'Brien, would provide for his sons. The excellent and prudent Counsellor, not much gratified with the charge of three rough, wild Irish youths, procured commissions for my two younger brothers, and sent them to die in India. I was his godson, his namesake, and the heir to the family honours of the O'Briens; therefore, he handsomely articleed me to his friend Parker, a London attorney, allowing me fifty pounds per annum till I had completed my clerkship, when he withdrew the noble allowance. Old Parker then elevated me to the second desk in his office, which exalted situation, with all its profits, I forfeited, when I persuaded you, my dear girl, to run off with one of the hereditary princes of Arran.

Emily.—I never would have consented to quit my father, Murrogh, if you had not so rashly asked him to accept you for his son-in-law, roused his wrath, and effectually put an end to our pleasant musical meetings. I cannot conceive how you could be so bold as to propose for me.

O'Brien.—Why, my love, boldness, honesty, and a tolerable gift of speech, are my capital. On these possessions, my hopes of future wealth are grounded.

Emily.—But, in the mean time, Murrogh, we must look to the present. In a month we have emptied our purses; sold everything that would raise money; and now—poor, weary, and homeless—convinced that my father is inexorable—we are glad to repose our tired limbs at a railway-station in a strange town

And here we must remain, Murrogh; for we have no longer the means to proceed.

O'Brien.—Well, my dear, never despair. Our situation has its advantages. We are out of debt, and perfectly independent. This is a pleasant spot; the benches are very commodious; we will remain here a little longer, and something may turn up.

Emily.—But we ought to exert ourselves. By-the-bye, Murrogh, could we not teach music?

O'Brien.—Music—hem! My ear is fine, and Neddy Geoghan taught me to handle a fiddlestick; but I do not pretend to be a Paganini. You play and sing charmingly, love: but never yet did the wife of an O'Brien condescend to earn a farthing; and I should expect the ghosts of my royal ancestors to rise from the grave, if I permitted you to sully the unstained name. No, Emily, music is not the thing. I suppose *I* must try something. I must find out what the natives do in this quiet place. Here, my good fellow (*to a porter*), what is there going on in this famous town of yours?

Porter.—There'll be grand doings t' next week, sir. We're boun' to have t' election; and there's to be a throng town to-night. Mr. Mayor has a meeting o' t' electors, that they may pick out a reet sort o' man, to send up to Parliament.

O'Brien.—And what sort of man is "the right sort" to please your electors?

Porter.—Wyah, they want to finn'd a man that ll stand up for poor folks; and argue to get 'em cheap

bread and such like. A chap all for free trade, and larning folks to be scholars.

O'Brien.—Ho, ho! then your electors would like a little opposition, I see. Emily, my love, I must go to this meeting; I have a plan in my head.

Emily.—I cannot conceive what your plan can be; but I am very weary, and will remain in any quiet spot till you return to me.

O'Brien.—I am determined to try my luck with the electors; so come along, and I will get you a room at the hotel, on the strength of the carpet-bag. It is very lank; could we not fill it up a little better as we go along? There seems plenty of grass growing in the streets.

Emily.—That would be knavery, Murrogh.

O'Brien.—You are right, my love. An Irishman is allowed a certain latitude of tongue; but he is a rogue if he does not keep his hands honest.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE 2.

The Town Hall. A long table. Gentlemen seated round. Sergeants in attendance in cloaks, carrying the maces. The Mayor in the chair.

The Mayor.—Gentlemen, it appears we are unanimous in our dissatisfaction with this proud scion of

nobility, who offers to represent our ancient borough, but disdains to show himself to his constituents, or to declare his opinions. I have received a card from a gentleman, who requests to be heard at our meeting. I think that in our present position it would be prudent to allow him, at any rate, to declare his sentiments. Is this proposition agreeable to the meeting? Mr. Alderman Sowerby, may I request you to speak?

*Alderman Sowerby (after a little consultation with the rest).—*I think I may venture to say for my friends and brother councillors, that in this matter we leave ourselves entirely in the hands of Mr. Mayor.

The Mayor.—I thank you, my good friends, for your confidence in me, which shall never be abused. Sergeants, show in Mr. O'Brien.

Exit Sergeants, who return immediately, ushering in O'BRIEN, who shakes hands with the MAYOR.

The Mayor.—Gentlemen, I have the honour of presenting to you Mr. O'Brien.

O'Brien.—I trust, gentlemen, that the exigency of the occasion will excuse my appearing before this respectable meeting in my travelling dress. The truth is, that no sooner did I hear the important announcement of this proposed consultation—a consultation in which the public honour and the public prosperity were so deeply concerned—than, hastily

abandoning all other affairs, I sought a spot so suited for the field of my labours.

Enter Sergeant, giving cards to the MAYOR.

Sergeant.—Two gentlemen send in their cards, your worship, and request permission to hear the speeches.

The Mayor.—Show them into the gallery. I will see them after the meeting. (*To Alderman Sowerby*) Spies, probably, from our late representative.

O'Brien.—May I be permitted, worthy ruler of this ancient and celebrated borough, to address this honourable assembly.

The Mayor.—We have long been represented by a gentleman who is personally a stranger to us, and from whom our neglected borough has not derived the slightest benefit. We are indignant, and tired of our slavery; we desire to throw off the yoke; we are an independent people, and we wish to choose an independent representative (*applause*). Be pleased to address the meeting, Mr. O'Brien.

O'Brien (using much action).—Gentlemen, I come among you a stranger, a wanderer from the sister isle—with no qualifications save purity of motive, liberality of opinion, integrity of purpose, shrewdness of judgment, and truth of speech. To these advantages I may add the more doubtful claims of good birth, finished education, and a scanty purse. My principles and my means equally revolt at bribery and corruption, and I cast the frail bark of my hopes on the pure waters of patriotic freedom (*applause*.)

Yes, gentlemen, it is not hidden from me that this staunch and independent little borough may proudly boast of aiding to break down the barriers which arrested the progress of the stream of knowledge and light, and diffusing it over a wide area of barren ignorance. When banished from the fair though desolate halls of my fathers, by oppression, calamity, and poverty, I left the land of my birth; I passed through the proud cities and the wealthy towns of this land of labour and luxury; but never till this moment, have I found rest for the sole of my foot. I disdained to represent the city or the shire where the aristocracy crushed the will of the free-born peasant. I turned away dissatisfied from the crowded towns, where the merchant princes erect golden idols, and fall down to worship them, while misery and crime surround them, unnoticed and unmitigated. I came to this favoured spot, where the bounties of nature and the noble relics of past art are widely scattered and fully appreciated (*applause*). I find here the kind heart, the open hand, that characterize the free, the noble, the generous sons of merry England. Here alone I recognize the unvitiated Englishman. Here I would set up the tabernacle of my home. True and honourable gentlemen, I desire to represent you; I desire still more to call you friends. Grant me the honour of becoming your representative; admit me to your domestic hearths (*great applause*). I read in your countenances, my friends, that we have sympathy of opinion, unity of purpose; I can, therefore, freely promise to

become your faithful servant. The energy of my mind, the deliberation of my understanding, the fervour of my eloquence, and the labours of my pen, shall be wholly and solely devoted to the interests of my constituents—the prosperity of this unequalled town. And I ask boldly, but respectfully, that some one of you, my dear friends, will hold out his hand to present me to the electors as a fit person to represent the time-honoured borough of Fairmount.

Very great applause, and much shaking of hands.

Mr. Mayor.—In the name of all assembled here, I congratulate you, Mr. O'Brien, on your admirable expression of sentiments which are so honourable to you. It is unnecessary to command a show of hands, for the meeting unanimously accept your proposal. It will be necessary to arrange the form of proceeding, and for this purpose, if you will do me the honour of breakfasting with me to-morrow morning, I will invite and introduce you to the most influential of the electors.

O'Brien.—A most agreeable invitation, Mr. Mayor; nor can I hesitate a moment in accepting it, though I shall thus leave Mrs. O'Brien alone at the hotel.

The Mayor.—Mrs. Mayoress is unfortunately an invalid, and unable to call on Mrs. O'Brien; but if the lady will kindly waive all ceremony, and accompany you, Mrs. Mayoress will be proud to welcome her.

O'Brien.—Mrs. O'Brien is the least ceremonious person in the world; she set out, at a moment's call, to accompany me on my electioneering adventure;

and she will not hesitate even to walk to the Mansion House ; as we are without a carriage here.

The Mayor.—My carriage shall be at the hotel at nine to bring you.

O'Brien.—I accept your friendly and convenient offer ; and take leave of you all, gentlemen, with thanks for your indulgence, and in the sanguine hope that our new friendship may be long and prosperous.

They shake hands.

[*Exit O'BRIEN*

The Mayor.—A most promising candidate, gentlemen : we must endeavour, by every means, to secure him.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE THE LAST.

A room in the hotel. O'BRIEN and EMILY seated on a sofa.

O'Brien (rising and walking about).—A complete victory ! worthy of my noble ancestors. Success has crowned my daring enterprise (*sitting down*). Emily, my love, we must sup on a biscuit. To-morrow morning we shall have a capital civic breakfast, which we must do justice to ; for, afterwards, we have only the carpet-bag to live on.

Emily.—But I have had some tea, Murrogh: I am miserable to be in debt. Could we not contrive to sell the bag to-night, and pay the good people what we owe them?

O'Brien.—What an unhappy suggestion! Conceive, my love, the awkwardness of my going out to sell my carpet-bag to one of my electors. A pretty figure I should cut on the hustings after such an exploit. No, my dear, the tide is turning: we must struggle a day or two longer. Depend on it, our star is in the ascendant, and my next application to papa will be signed Murrogh O'Brien, M.P. Surely that will make him relent.

Enter MR. PARKER.

Mr. Parker.—Mr. O'Brien, your servant,—Mrs. O'Brien, my good wishes to you. I regret, sir, that necessity compels me to allude to the circumstances under which you entered into an alliance with the lady present. I speak of your having unadvisedly and illegally absented yourself from duties you had engaged to perform for me. From the extraordinary nature of the case, I judged it necessary to report the whole transaction circumstantially to the worthy Counsellor O'Brien, by whom you were committed to my care.

O'Brien.—You did exactly what I expected from you, Mr. Parker; and you would doubtless astonish the old gentleman no little.

Mr. Parker.—The Counsellor, Mr. O'Brien, condescended to reply to my communication with his

usual urbanity. To my surprise, his epistle set forth his desire that I should seek you out, charging the expenses of my journey to his account, and offer to restore to you that seat in my office which by your mis-conduct you had forfeited. Furthermore, he declareth, he purposes to restore to you with augmentation the stipend formerly bestowed on you; making the sum one hundred pounds per annum.

O'Brien.—What munificence!

Mr. Parker.—This is not all, Mr. O'Brien. The Counsellor points out to me the necessity of advancing your salary to one hundred pounds per annum (*sighs*), with which recommendation I am bound to comply, the said Counsellor, though hard in making bargains, being liberal in recommending clients to me. I therefore give you notice, Mr. O'Brien, that you are from this day restored to the stool and desk, number two, in the front office, which you vacated on the occasion of your marriage.

O'Brien.—The desk, or nothing, I suppose?

Mr. Parker.—On the contrary; the honourable Counsellor further adds, that if your inclination should prompt you to read for the bar, he will still allow you the before-mentioned one hundred per annum; but, in such case, the stipend from me must be reduced to a sum proportioned to the hours of your service.

O'Brien.—After all, the Counsellor is an O'Brien at heart, Emily. What do you say to this noble provision for an embryo Chancellor?

Emily.—It will certainly be preferable to our present destitution, Murrogh?

O'Brien.—Decidedly, my love, but then—my election?

Emily.—Oh, Murrogh! your election could not be accomplished without dishonesty. Decide at once, if you love me, on the desk or the bar.

O'Brien.—"My poverty but not my will consents." Alas! alas! all my glorious hopes scattered! Never again may I have the opportunity of displaying the eloquence of the O'Briens before the assembled senate. And I suppose we cannot go to breakfast with the Mayor—

Enter MR. LASCELLES.

EMILY rushes forward; MR. LASCELLES takes her hand, then turning to O'BRIEN speaks.

So, young man, after absconding from your master's service and robbing me of my daughter, you have this evening had the audacity to offer yourself as a worthy representative of the good moral people of the borough of Fairmount.

O'Brien.—Too true, sir, but you hold in your hand my fair excuse. And I am proud to inform you that all is happily arranged for the future. I resign the honour intended to be forced on me by these worthy burgesses; and am restored to the dignity of the number two stool and desk in Mr. Parker's office.

Mr. Lascelles.—My unfortunate child's husband to be an attorney's clerk!

O'Brien.—I have an alternative. One hundred a year, and permission to study for the bar. And for your sake, my Emily, I must try it, I believe. You can live or starve on the hundred pounds, and I, if all else fail, shall not be the first of the O'Briens who has cleaned shoes, or begged in the streets.

Mr. Lascelles.—That I doubt not: but my daughter's husband must not be a shoe-black. Parker and I heard you speak to-night, young man; if I could rely on your sincerity and steadiness, I do not see why you should not read for the bar, and my daughter return to her natural home.

O'Brien.—I really cannot bring forward an objection to such a convenient arrangement; and my dear Emily being restored to the comforts I deprived her of, I shall be happy to resign my wooden throne in Mr. Parker's office to be filled by a more worthy occupant.

Mr. Parker.—In truth that may easily be, Mr. O'Brien; for though, in compliance with the request of the honourable Counsellor, your uncle, I retained you in my service, I ever protested against your objectionable custom of making speeches in the office; whereby you engaged the attention of the junior clerks, and were not only idle yourself, but the cause of idleness in others.

O'Brien.—I own the fact. I was then practising the powers that nature had bestowed on me, in the hopes of one day displaying them before the noblest senate in the world. Alas! the opportunity is gone,

and I never, never shall be called into that grand arena.

Mr. Lascelles.—Do not despair: wait till you are called to the bar; and then, I have no doubt you will have leisure enough to offer your services to the worthy burgesses of this independent borough.

The scene closes.



BLACK-STONE.

CHARADE VII.

Characters.

FREDERICK PERCIVAL.
FRANK SEYMOUR.
FARMER GREGORY.
CAROLINE PERCIVAL.

MARY, her Maid.
CHLOE, a black servant.
MRS. MUGGINS.
MISS FINIKIN

SCENE 1.

*A pretty cottage parlour : flowers in the window, pianoforte.
books. FREDERICK and CAROLINE seated.*

Caroline.—Oh, Fred., I do feel so very happy! This is home! the home I so often sighed for when my uncle was cross; where I could invite dear mamma, and make her happy. But don't look grave, Fred.; I don't mean to ask her till I am per-

fect in domestic management. I know she will be delighted with the charming cottage and our rural felicity.

Frederick (laughing).—The cottage is as charmingly rural as a cottage can be in the secluded shades of Kensington; and it is very dear to me, my sweet Carry, since it contains one who was content to abandon the grandeur of her proud uncle's mansion to share the fortunes of a briefless barrister, with the slender income of two hundred a year.

Caroline.—But you are happy in this little cot, too; are you not, Fred.?

Frederick.—Truly so, my love, if I could but see you comfortably established. Have you yet, from your numerous applicants, succeeded in engaging that necessary evil, a maid of all work? Your faithful Mary, who has followed you in your adversity, cannot possibly fulfil all the duties of cook, housemaid, butler, and lady's maid—active and willing as she is.

Caroline.—You cannot form the least idea, Fred., of the great difficulty there is in making such an important choice.

Frederick.—You speedily swept away all the difficulties in your path, my Carry, when you had to make another important choice.

Caroline.—And displayed as much judgment in my decision as I intend to do now. The truth is, Fred., that dear mamma's last injunction to me was a caution about servants; and amongst all the applicants, I have not yet seen my *beau ideal* of a

good servant—one who reaches my standard of perfection.

Frederick.—Then, by all means, lower your standard, Carry; for I particularly wish you to engage a servant to-day. I expect my old friend Frank Seymour to drop in this evening. You know how liberally he has supplied us with game, and I wish you to give him a grouse-pie for supper—a dish he is particularly fond of; therefore, my dear little wife, let us have a cook this very morning.

Enter MARY.

Mary.—Mrs. Muggins, madam, comes to answer your advertisement.

Shows in MRS. MUGGINS, with a large reticule basket, a bundle tied in a silk handkerchief, and an old umbrella, all which she places on the carpet, then brings herself a chair.

Mrs. Muggins.—How er' ye? I mun jist sit me down, for I'se worn to t' stump. I've tramped ivery fut of t' way fra King's Cross, where I cam' by train this morning, after I heerd tell of this place. (*She looks round her.*) It's a canny bit parlour, and I can't say but I likes t' lukes on ye.

Caroline.—Pray, Mrs. Muggins, what are your qualifications? In the first place, are you a goot' cook?

Mrs. Muggins.—Cook! I'se not turn my back on ony lass living for cooking. Haven't I lived these fower years wi' Mr. Allport, at Besford, and wher master was t' Mayor, didn't I cook, with my own

hand, t' grandest dinner they 'd ivir seen i' Besford? Lord help you! (*looking round compassionately.*) There wad be a hundred sat down to that dinner if there were one; and I had just two bits of lasses to help, and a *char* to wash up. What did t' master say t' next day? "Nanny," says he (he all'ays call't me Nanny),—"Nanny," says he, "ivery alderman that sat down said, he'd niver made a better dinner in his life."

Caroline.—We don't require Mayors' feasts, my good woman; we want plain joints well cooked, good pastry, and steady habits. I presume Mr. Allport will give you a character; what wages do you demand?

Mrs. Muggins.—I'll tell ye plainly what I mun have. Sixteen pounds; my tea and sugar; my beer, t' best stout, three times a day—there's not a cook born can come nigh a fire under *that*; then my kitchen fat——

Caroline.—Oh, no. There you must stop; I protest against that. Mamma particularly insisted on my not allowing the kitchen fat to be sold. I cannot grant the fat.

Mrs. Muggins (*in great wrath, rising and collecting her property*).—I'se hardly stand that, after living wi' t' Mayor of Besford. I niver yet did take up wi' mean folks, and niver will. Like to like! ye mun seek up some poor body like yoursels. Keep your fat, and much good may 't do ye. (*Exit.*)

A silent pause, then FREDERICK bursts into laughter.

Caroline.—You ought not to laugh at me, Fred, for I am quite sure I was right in principle. If I had yielded to the woman's proposals, some evil would certainly have fallen upon us.

Frederick.—Then tell me, my dear, prudent little wife, how do you purpose to employ that mysterious delicacy which you place so much value on.

Caroline.—I confess that I do not quite understand its use, though certainly it must be valuable. I forgot to ask mamma why it should be preserved; still, I think I could not be wrong; but ——

Enter MARY and Miss FINIKIN.

Mary.—Miss Finikin, madam, another applicant.

Miss Finikin.—Madam, I has the honour of hansering to your hadvertizement. I thinks the hapartments is convenient, and will shute me, and I ham quite hackwessent to form a part of your hestablistment if we can hagree.

Frederick (leads Caroline aside.)—She seems a nice, pretty, neat looking girl, Carry.

Caroline (quickly.)—No such thing. She is too much dressed; and, I should say, knows nothing.

Frederick.—She does not look as if she would contend for her kitchen stuff, at any rate.

Caroline.—You are no judge, Fred. Pretty, indeed! (*to Miss Finikin.*) Well, young woman, what can you do?—and what are your terms?

Miss Finikin.—I can do hany thing in reason, madam, as is required in similiar hestablistments.

and has two good charrackters as is given by two most respectable ladies, where I have resided, and is willing to take your wages, madam, but hexpecks my little privileges.

Caroline.—Your privileges? Pray what is it you require?

Miss Finikin.—Honly, madam, two hours on Mondays and Fridays, to hattend at the dancing hacademy—I could not relinkish that : and an hour hevery day, madam, in horder to foller up my hother studies.

Caroline.—I think this quite unnecessary.

Frederick.—It is not worth a dispute, my dear : let the girl follow her fancies.

Caroline.—I certainly cannot approve——but have you anything further to say, young woman?

Miss Finikin.—Yes, madam, there is one thing as I must mention, which is my cousin as is D 721, hand I hexpecks, madam, as how as he may come to see me when as how he is hoff dooty.

Caroline.—Certainly not. I never allow any man to come after my servants.

Frederick.—Nay, my dear, that would be cruel. Let the pretty lass see her sweetheart sometimes.

Caroline (with dignity.)—You may retire, young woman ; you do not suit me.

[Exit MISS FINIKIN.]

Frederick.—Now really, my dear Carry, you make me feel very uncomfortable. I see you cannot easily submit to the petty annoyances inseparable from our humble circumstances, and I shall to think

that I have tempted you to leave a more luxurious home. Promise me, my beloved, to endure, for my sake; promise me, if you love me, to accept the next applicant (the seventeenth, Carry). Take her on trial with all her faults.

Caroline.—I wished to do right, my dear Fred; but I begin to think I may have been a little mistaken. I am very ignorant, and have been perhaps somewhat obstinate; but I solemnly promise you to engage the next applicant, if she will be content without kitchen stuff, or police lover. Will that satisfy you?

Enter MARY, smiling.

Mary.—I have to announce a very strange applicant, now, madam. (*Shows in Chloe very gaudily dressed in the fashion of twelve years past. Chloe curtsies rapidly several times.*)

Chloe.—Please, Missy, please takey Miss Chloe for help. Me can do every ting in de world: berry nice serbant, Missy.

Caroline (agitated and hesitating.)—I would rather not. I fear you cannot do all the duties I should require from you.

Chloe.—Me do berry mush dooty, Missy. Me brus' all de room (*acts as she speaks*)—me stir up him fire—me make him bed—me rubby, rubby de pan all shiny—me was' him clo' berry clean—me bake de griddle cake—me roas' de lilly piggy all nice brown—me nurse de pickaninny, rocky de cradle, me sing (*sings and dances*)

Ho! ho! de boatman row,
Floatin' down de ribber on de Ohio.

Caroline.—What a strange creature!

Frederick (to Chloe.)—Can you make a pie, Chloe?

Chloe.—Oh, de pie! de berry best of pie, Massa; de peach, de plum, de lilly chick, put em all in dis', makey nice light paste, bake him brown, berry brown.

Frederick.—Not too brown, Chloe. Will you consent to try this girl, Carry: she gives herself an excellent character.

Caroline.—You know, Fred., I have promised, and if you are content, I must keep my word; but I feel quite alarmed. I almost regret that I did not engage the Mayor's cook, with all her exactions.

Mary.—If you will allow me to take Chloe to the kitchen, madam, and put her into the way, I have no doubt I shall be able make something of her.

Caroline.—Take her away, by all means, my good Mary.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE 2.

A dining-room. MARY directing CHLOE to lay the cloth

Chloe.—Dar' now, see! go along, Missy Mary! didn't me lay de clot' beautiful? Nobody nebber did lay de clot' more beautifuller, no how. Tchu! tchu! (*polishes the knives on the soles of her shoes.*) Me

berry mush 'speck Missy say, Chloe unkimmon good serbant! Chloe berry clean, nice crittur!

Mary.—Do not chatter so much, Chloe, and be more attentive. Lay the knives and forks perfectly straight.

Chloe.—Oh! dem lay berry well, berry handy. Is it de knife on dis side, or de fork. Oh yes, me 'member now: de knife for Missy dis side; de knife for Massa dat side; berry odd ting dat, Missy Mary.

Mary.—She actually doesn't know her right hand from her left. I have my work before me!

Chloe.—Now de lilly cup wid de salt. Bah! him tummel down! (*Overturns the salt-cellar, runs to the fire and brings the shovel to take the salt off the table-cloth.*)

Mary (taking the shovel from her).—I do wish, Chloe, you would be more orderly and thoughtful. You act so hastily that you can do nothing well.

Chloe.—Ah, Missy Mary berry clebber gal: worky! worky! worky! and nebber speak no word. Me nigger gal, must go ahead; me mush talky, mush worky. Chloe berry fast critter!

Mary.—I would rather you were slow and careful. Go now and bring the bottle which I brought up from the cellar, and I beg you will not throw it down.

[*Exit CHLOE. MARY continues to arrange the table. A crash heard in the passage.*]

Mary.—Oh dear! oh dear! She will never do. She is all hands, and no head.

Enter CHLOE, holding the neck of a bottle in one hand, and the coal-pan in the other.

Chloe.—O Missy Mary! berry bad! berry bad! 'twas all de coal pan! Me say, good ting to take de coal pan; me snash him up, and him push him dirty mous agin de bottle, and den, down he tummel, and lebe only him neck in my han'. Berry bad ting! berry bad! and all de beer run away in de nice clean white passage.

Mary.—Where Mr. Seymour, with Master and Mistress, will see it all. Wash it up directly, and scour it over, you hare-brained girl.

[Exit CHLOE, shaking her head.]

Mary.—Whatever I shall make of this flighty nigger, I can't tell; and company coming too! Not but what the girl could do well enough if she would only be quiet and composed. However, I'll do my best: I'll put up with a good deal for my dear Miss Caroline's sake, God bless her! Certainly Mr. Percival is a handsome young fellow; but I do wish my darling had thought twice before she left her uncle's grand house for love in a cottage. (*Looking into the passage.*) Whatever are you dabbling there, making the mischief worse; bring the sand, and scour it over.

Chloe.—You see, Missy Mary, him sandy just lost.

Mary.—Lost! you provoking girl, you had it to-day to scour the kitchen hearth. Where did you put it?

Chloe.—Me put him on de table, and him gone.

Mary.—On the table! was that a fit place? Why did you put the sand on the table?

Chloe.—Me come den help Missy Mary cook, me put him down aside me, and he go.

Mary.—It is really useless to talk to you. Shall I never be able to teach you to put every thing in its proper place, and every thing to its proper use?

Chloe.—You see, me do all right berry soon, Missy Mary. (*Takes the coals out of the pan with her hands, and puts them on the fire; then wipes her fingers on her petticoats.*)

Mary.—There, again! What are the tongs for, but to take up coals? and your petticoat was never meant for a towel.

Chloe.—It so mush trubbel to open de great ton'; berry easy to put on de black coal wid de black han'.

Mary.—Here come the company; now be very attentive: do not speak, but do as I bid you. Come, to bring in supper. *[Exeunt.]*

Enter FREDERICK, CAROLINE, and FRANK SEYMOUR.

Frank S.—Truly, this looks promising, Mrs. Percival. Here are no symptoms of the poverty, mismanagement, and discomfort, that you prepared me for. I fancy Fred can put up with such desolation as this; and for you, my dear Madam, I know that when your generous sex make up their minds to sacrifice all for love, they are the most patient, enduring, and gloriously happy creatures in the world. It would be an insult to compassionate your situation.

Let us look it in the face. Let us sum up the case. You havey our two servants of divers colours, your cottage of gentility, and two hundred a year ; with a great amount of love, and a great scarcity of briefs.

Frederick.—*Voila tout !*

Frank S.—And by no means an undesirable position. Let us take another case : here am I, making a capital thing, say a thousand a year ; all right when in court, for there Frank Seymour is somebody ; out of court, no home, no wife, no sister, no one to care for my success. I dine at my club elegantly and luxuriously, with small relish for the good things set before me ; and I might be taken home on a shutter without it creating a greater sensation in my establishment than my clerk and servant being compelled to seek new masters, and my landlady to put her lodging card in the window. This is my case, my lord.

Frederick.—Ah, Frank ! I decide in my own favour. I am truly very happy, though unpardonably idle ; my sole anxiety is for dear Carry, who is overwhelmed with cares, privations, and domestic troubles.

Frank S.—Bless you, Fred ! Mrs. Percival enjoys the thing. I see it in her eyes. Off to your books to-morrow morning, idler ! read, read, and leave this fair, sweet, happy victim to work her way to tranquillity amid the troubled billows of household management. No more at present, for here comes supper.

Enter MARY and CHLOE, bringing in supper.

Frank S. (to Chloe). — Fairest goddess of the culinary regions, didst thou make this comely pie?

Chloe (looking wildly at Mary). — Berry nice pie, massa; me help Missy Mary make him; me put 'em in, berry nice.

Frank S. — Then will we feast ourselves on this happy production of the allied powers.

They seat themselves, FREDERICK cuts the pie, and takes out yellow sand-stone.

Chloe (dancing round, seizes the sand). — Oh! him here, Missy Mary; him no lost. Me glad my sandy here; me put him i' de dis', Missy Mary; tink him lilly birdie, den me canna' fin' him; berry glad him here; berry glad!

Frederick. — That's more than we are, Chloe; you have spoiled our banquet. Take away the sanded pie, and remember, girl, in future to put every thing in its proper place.

Mary. — That is the lesson I give her hourly, sir: I hope this may be a warning to her. Shall I bring in the cold fowl and tongue?

Frank S. — By all means, good Mrs. Mary. You are a woman of sound judgment. We can make a good supper on fowl and tongue; and to-morrow I will send some more birds, that I may try your cookery; but watch the attendant nymph closely, Mary, or we may have the blacking brush next time.

[Exit Servants removing the pie.]

Caroline.—I am grieved and ashamed, Mr. Percival. I fear Fred already regrets his easy bachelor life, when, heedless of the unperceived trials of domestic management, he beheld dinners and suppers spread on his board, as if by magic. I do believe I must be a great dunce, for would you believe it, I read a chapter of Mrs. Rundell every day for a month, before I took on me the duties of married life.

Frank S.—Pleasant and profitable study! How you must have enjoyed the Barmecide feasts daily spread before you! and what bright visions you must have had, of serving up, before Fred the fortunate, unimaginable luxuries! Pursue the good path, dear lady: read diligently, and release Fred from your side to plunge into heavier studies amid the calf-skinned battalions in his legal library. So shall you both profit, and rich briefs and good dinners be the pleasant result. But here comes an eatable supper: let us make merry; and pleasant shall be the memory of the grouse pie, and its extraordinary contents.

They sit down. The scene closes.

SCENE THE LAST.

A study, with book-shelves. A table covered with papers, magazines, and books in law binding. FREDERICK in an easy chair, CAROLINE working on an opposite side.

Caroline.—Well, Fred, I think we may venture to ask Frank Seymour to dine now, in the improved state of things.

Frederick.—My dear girl, you and Mary are two good fairies; you have positively transformed that wild daughter of darkness into a civilized servant, and introduced peace and order into our sweet home.

Caroline.—And now that my household cares for the day are over, you will not object to let me work here while you are reading. I promise not to interrupt you, unless anything very important should occur to me.

Frederick.—Of course not, my dear: such important matters as the Opera announcements, or Punch's last and best, must be discussed. Oh, Carry dear! I fear this reading would not satisfy our friend Seymour. You by my side in the morning, and the Opera in the evening: the practising duets, the pleasant dallying with the Shakspeare of the past, and the Tennyson of the future, have lulled me into such a lethargy of luxurious ease, that I shrink from opening one of these precious volumes; I shrink from the sober communion with this good friend (*taking up a volume*), the father of English Law.

Caroline (sighing).—Then I must go, Fred, for I see my presence prevents you plunging boldly into the studies so absolutely necessary for your professional success.

Enter MARY introducing FARMER GREGORY.

Frederick.—Ah! my dear old friend, I am truly glad to welcome you under my roof. But what in the world brings you to this great city, that you hold in such disdain?

Farmer G.—I've come a' purpose to see ye, Master Frederick.

Frederick.—And to see my wife, too, Gregory—one of the best of the sort.

Caroline.—I have often heard Fred speak of the pleasant visits he has made to your farm; and now you must stay here, and be our guest.

Farmer G.—Thank ye, kindly, madam; but I've not be lang away fra' hame. Ye see, Master Frederick, I've i' need of a bit of law, and says I to missus, "Master Frederick's my man; he's honest to t' back bone, like all his fore-elders." And missus says, says she, "If ye *will* hae law, Willie, gang tull him at ance, and ye can take up a cheese and a turkey for t' young mistress." Sae off I set, for I've been badly used, Master Frederick, and I will hae my reets.

Frederick.—As every Englishman can have, Gregory, thanks to this glorious book (*striking the volume*). Now let us hear your case.

Farmer G.—Ye see, Master Frederick, this is it;

and if ye dunnot say I'se wranged, I'se think nought of yer big buke. Is I to sit down quietly, and let a fellow come and fell a tree atop o' my land?

Frederick (to Caroline).—Now for my grave law face. That would be a case of trespass, Gregory, of malicious injury, or of larceny, if the tree was carried away. Who is the offender?

Farmer G.—John Jones—him as owns t' next land; a meddling chap, that winnot let quiet folke be.

Frederick.—And where did the tree stand?

Farmer G.—It stood i' t' hedge atween his land and mine. But what o' that? T' hedge's my hedge, and t' lands my land, and t' tree was my tree; and not a man iv' England sall cut down a tree of mine but I'll hae t' law of him.

Frederick.—Law you shall have, Gregory, when we get our case clear. How can you prove the hedge to be your hedge? Who keeps it in repair?

Farmer G.—Repair! God help ye, it never needs nane. It's a big, thick, auld fence 'at's lasted mebbey this hundred year; and nought wad sarve him, wi' his new-fangled fancies, but he mun clip and trim t' auld hedge ov his side; and then what does he say but t' auld tree was a plague tuf' him, and dreeped atop of his pease and 'tatoes. I telled him then, it was at his peril he melled on it; and he niver says another word; but o' Monday, whiles I was off at market, he fells it.

Frederick.—In truth it is a serious matter, Gregory. How much is the tree worth?

Farmer G.—What has that to do wi' 't? What

sare I for t' worth o' t' tree? It's mebbey worth fifty shilling, but it isn't t' money I want fra' him; I want my reets. T' tree was mine, and my fathers' afore me, as far back as ony man living can tell, and I'll spend all t' land itsel' in law, but I'll make John Jones smart for felling on't.

FREDERICK looks into several large volumes with great gravity.

Caroline.—Then, Farmer Gregory, allow me to say that I think you are governed by a very evil spirit. The tree has fallen, and cannot be replaced; it was a hasty, and probably an angry act to cut it down: your neighbour is doubtless wrong, but he is your neighbour, Farmer Gregory; you have vowed to love your neighbour, and you are bound to forgive as you hope to be forgiven.

Farmer G.—That's all reet enough; but I said I wad hae law, and law I will hae.

Caroline.—The best law is the law of love; it makes up all altercations, heals all offences; it is God's law, my good friend, and a blessing to man.

Farmer G.—Ye've a canny quiet way of talking, Mistress, and ye're nut far wrang; but ye see I've brought fifty pound i' my purse, and sworn I'd spend it to reet mysel'.

Caroline.—Then do spend it; spend it in the right way—in cheering the sad hearts of the destitute widows and orphans of the brave men who have fallen to save their fellow-creatures on the bloody plains of the Crimea. My husband has told

me you are a kind and a benevolent man; you believe yourself to be a good Christian. Then must you not nourish anger and revenge for the loss of a paltry tree. Think of the thousands who are mourning, the tens of thousands who are suffering and dying, to protect their weak and helpless fellow-creatures. How little your quarrel would seem to their eyes; and it *is* little, and unworthy of you, my good friend. Seek out the bereaved and the sorrowful in your neighbourhood, give them such aid as your kind heart will prompt you to give. Then go and shake hands with John Jones, and forget his small offence.

Farmer G.—Why there's some sense i' what ye say, Missus. God help 'em all, say I. And now I think on 't, there's two poor bodies of our parish 'at has sons off there i' that bloody Grimmer; they're sadly downed, and but ill off. What if I put two shilling a week a piece on 'em; it's but reet efter all, for we hae plenty, God be thanked for 't. I'se thinking, Master Frederick, about John Jones; ye see he's nut a bad chap when he's out on his tantrums; we 'se mebbey mak' it up, efter a bit.

Frederick.—All right, Gregory; now *I'm* thinking what a pleasant clerk my wife is, to sit at the side of a briefless barrister, and propound the law without fec. Carry has won her first cause, but I shall turn her out at the next consultation; and trust with the aid of this staunch friend (*holding up the*

volume), which must fill the place of the fair lady, I shall then be enabled to obtain from the case a brief and a fee.

Curtain falls.

THE END.

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